Liberty 5¢

WHY LINDBERGH TOOK THAT MEDAL FROM GÖRING

HAS HOLLYWOOD FOUND ANOTHER HARLOW?

CRISP to the last spoonful!

Every man's a "yes man" when you set delicious Rice Krispies before him!

It's love at first sight, just to see them heaped in a bowl, golden and tempting. Mellow fruit adds a fresh note. With the first drop of cool milk, Rice Krispies sing out their crispness with a Snap! Crackle! Pop! The first bite confirms how super-crisp and flavor-packed they are. And the last spoonful proves they *stay* that way!

Kellogg's unique flavor recipe, plus special "oven-popping," plus gentle toasting, does the trick. Start the day off right, with Rice Krispies—America's No. 1 rice cereal!

The name "Rice Krispies" is Kellogg's trade mark (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits

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Kellogg's CEREALS
MADE IN BATTLE CREEK
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES • RICE KRISPIES • ALL-BRAN • WHEAT KRISPIES • PEP
KELLOGG'S 40% BRAN FLAKES • KRUMBLES • KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT

We were smarter when we got our second

1 **"Something's got to be done!"** fumes Mary. "This is the last night I'm having Junior wakened by that old clatterbox refrigerator of ours. Tomorrow, I'm—" "Tomorrow," I bust in, "you and I are doing what we should have done long ago. We're finding out about this Servel refrigerator they claim *can't* make a noise!"

2 **"You see, a tiny gas flame** does the work," explained the salesman who called. "Servel couldn't keep you awake, even if you slept *inside* it. There's not a single moving part in the whole freezing system. Nothing to make a sound. Nothing to wear, either. That's why it stays silent . . . lasts longer!"

3 **Folks who've had experience** with other makes of automatic refrigerators are quick to find that Servel Electrolux has all those big operating advantages they want most . . . has all the latest features and conveniences, too. Survey after survey shows that, among owners of other-type refrigerators, the trend is to the Gas Refrigerator for their *second* automatic.

4 **"We've learned our lesson,"** smiles Mary the other day. "Junior hasn't missed a wink of sleep since we changed to Servel. And his Ma and Pa have done all right, too!" "You bet we were smarter," I agree. "Imagine putting up with any other kind of box! *Especially* when the Gas Refrigerator pays the installments with what it saves on running cost and upkeep and in other ways!"

If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel—If you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference

Stays silent...lasts longer

SERVEL

ELECTROLUX

Gas

REFRIGERATOR

It freezes with

NO MOVING PARTS!

For farm and country homes—models run on
BOTTLED GAS—TANK GAS—KEROSENE

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind., or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King Street W., Toronto, Ont.

VOX POP

DEFENSE SUGGESTION? ONE MAN'S RUN-AROUND

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—*Re* Suggestion for Defense, by Morris Markey (May 17 Liberty).

My actual case for the files:

Graduate civil and architectural engineer. Ten years with a large Western railroad in the bridge and building department of the chief engineer's office. Finished there as engineer of buildings to enter private practice of my profession.

Eighteen years' private practice of architecture and engineering in my own office, covering all types of construction and commissions as high as a million dollars.

Some time ago I saw this national defense looking me in the face and thought something should be done about it. I wrote my congressman for information. He very warmly referred my letters to the various departments that have something to do with construction: Navy—Bureau of Yards and Docks; Army—Quartermaster General; Public Buildings Administration. All replied, "Application placed in active file and if"—etc., etc. But—"if you are not on the Civil Service Register there is nothing we can do about it."

All right; I got busy with the local Civil Service Board, and their advice was to watch the bulletin boards and apply for something that I could likely qualify for. I did this. First one, engineering aide, filed February 24; second, civil engineer, filed April 4; third, architect, filed April 14; fourth, superintendent of construction, filed May 1. All of these applications were listed as unassembled. (Rated from education and experience.)

Now, how many have I heard from? You guessed it—not one word from any, and the first was filed nearly three months ago!

Have just talked with a clerk from the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., and thinking I would be able to get some information, I asked, "How are these applications handled in Washington?" Her reply: "Well, they are passed from clerk to clerk until they are shot to pieces—and then—well, I don't know." How's that for a fine mess?

I am a registered architect in the States of Illinois, Florida, and Virginia. Registered engineer (structural heating and ventilating), State of Florida. All of this shows on the applications, but it takes three months for some clerk to classify me.

Suggestion for Defense? Cut the red tape, put some business men at its head, and let's get to work.—*Fred A.*

BILOXI, MISS.—Suggestion for Defense, by Morris Markey, is splendid. It is more than that. It is a constructive plan for the accomplishment of something that should be done now. I hope you will not stop with the one broadside, but will keep it up until the idea becomes a *fait accompli.*

Governor Paul Johnson announced over the radio today that Mississippi would register the older men (up to sixty-five) for emergency defense along lines similar to the suggestion made in Liberty.—*W. L. R.*

CLEARS HOOVER OF DEPRESSION

NEW CASTLE, PA.—In May 17 Vox Pop Jay C. Mix said, "Can it be that this is the same Hoover who, less than ten short years ago, was the prime cause of America's starving millions?"

I believe that, if Mr. Mix has any knowledge of the history of our United States, he should know that a depression is caused over a period of years by conditions that are uncontrollable by the President in power.

I think Mr. Hoover has taken a lot of unjust criticism by people who have convinced themselves that, since he was the President in power when the depression started, he was the one that caused it. Hoover was not the *prime cause of the depression.*—*B. Wilcox.*

HE'S IRKED BY WOMEN'S HANDBAGS

HOUSTON, TEX.—What do you mean by things women carry in their handbags being "comfortably accessible"? (March 17 Liberty.) Have you never seen a woman frantically search her handbag for an article she just knows is there (and is)?

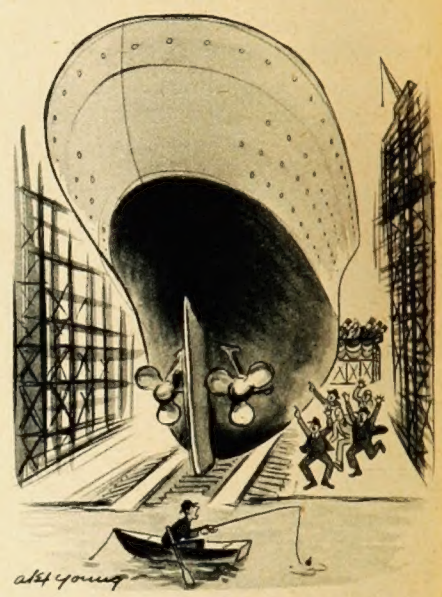
Have you never seen a woman calmly selecting a coin from a purse in an inner recess of this same handbag *after* she has boarded a bus, streetcar, or subway?

Also, *why* do the sweet things wait until they are in a jam to explore the depths of these junior portfolios to find carfare? Even the Greeks can't answer that!—*Perry Hammond.*

CRITICISM FOR HER YOUNGER WOOER

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Having seen a number of cases where an old man has married a young wife successfully, I find nothing so odd in Maurice Maeterlinck's article (May 10 Liberty). But every one I know has a spell if a young man goes with or marries an older woman—even though the difference is only two or three years.

There is a young man in whom I am interested who has everything in common with me except age. And yet, although we are happier together than with any one else and although we are both past thirty, he has to brave all kinds of sarcasm, slighting remarks, doubts of his common sense and even sanity, because I am about six years his senior.—*J. A. R.*



"Sorry, this spot is taken."

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The articles by Maurice Maeterlinck and his wife on love and marriage are inspiring. So much has been written concerning the marital status which derides and even blasphemes it that articles and stories which picture true and happy marriages should be encouraged.

Of course the Maeterlincks are an unusual case because of the tremendous age difference, but there are thousands of happy marriages of which we hear nothing.—*Eleanore Ardath Taylor.*

CHURCH NOT OPPOSING "PAINTER OF HEAVEN"

FREMONT, OHIO—Certain statements made in Painter of Heaven, by Edward Doherty, in April 12 Liberty are incorrect. These are put into the mouth of a shopkeeper in "Manhattan's unthrifty Fifties." They are supposed to be the answer to why a questioner has been kept in the dark concerning the work of the artist C. Bosseron Chambers.

The shopkeeper replies that the pictures are not in churches "because the Church has been fighting Mr. Chambers ever since his first pictures. Priests, bishops, ministers, deacons, elders, abbots, mon-

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"Forget the eeny, meeny, miney, mo!"

MAN: Eh? What's that? Wait till I get this blindfold off! My heavens, a camel!

CAMEL: Obviously, sir. But a very wise camel that knows a better method of picking whiskey than that eeny, meeny, miney, mo stuff. In fact, I'm the symbol of one of whiskey's finest qualities.

MAN: Oh, I know. You stand for dryness ...the lack of sweetness that lets the real whiskey flavor reach your taste undistorted!

CAMEL: Sahib, you have the wisdom of Solomon. Why, then, do you hesitate?

MAN: Shucks, I can't afford a really fine, *dry* whiskey.

CAMEL: Mourn not, brother—there *is* such a whiskey of exquisite taste—and *dryness*—and at its modest price—a *buy!* The name is PAUL JONES!

MAN: Say, thanks a lot, pal. I could have used advice like that a long time ago.

CAMEL: Did not the wise man say, "It is never too late to learn?" That's why PAUL JONES' popularity has increased five times in two years!

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN PAUL JONES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

STYMIED!..

but luck was with him "33 TO 1!"

Championship at stake . . . match all square! . . . It's Sam's shot . . . the PAYOFF PUTT . . . and he's facing his toughest shot — STYMIED directly behind Stone's ball!

Sam takes out "Faithful Freda", his trusty niblick . . . and . . . *Great Scott!* Here comes a dog out on the green . . .

I WAS **TOO NERVOUS**, ANYWAY! GUESS I'LL EASE OVER TO THE REFRESHMENT STAND... AND *EASE UP* WITH "33 TO 1"

IT'S "33 TO 1"... THIS WILL HELP ME "UNWIND"!

WHAT'S THIS "33 TO 1"...

PABST BLENDS *33* FINE BREWS TO MAKE *ONE* GREAT BEER... *BLUE RIBBON!*

BONG

Well, now they've shooed that pup away. Sam is still STYMIED... He sights... he hits the ball... it plops into the cup . . . **SAM'S THE NEW CHAMPION!**

WHAT A COMEBACK!... THAT PESKY PUP WAS A LUCKY BREAK FOR YOU... EH, SAM?

THE REAL LUCK WAS THE "TIME OUT" IT GAVE ME TO **RELAX WITH A GLASS OF GOOD OLD PABST BLUE RIBBON!**

WHEN THE GOING'S TOUGH... *EASE UP* WITH A GLASS OF **BLUE RIBBON... BLENDING 33 FINE BREWS SURE MAKES IT ONE DELICIOUS BEER!**

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

. . . IT'S SMOOTHER
. . . IT'S TASTIER
. . . IT NEVER VARIES

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Blended 33 to 1

"As in the finest coffee and champagne... it's expert blending that gives Pabst Blue Ribbon its smoother, tastier, unvarying goodness. Try a glass today — and prove that '33 TO 1' BLENDING *BETTERS* the beer!"

. . . with a Blue Ribbon on it

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

signors, priors, mothers superior of convents; the holy heads that buy art for churches, hospitals, monasteries, and rectories."

Later it is stated: "But, the roar that went up from the Church crowd, you'd think the poor fellow had committed a sacrilege!"

I must omit the group "ministers, deacons" and "elders," for they would not belong to the general term Church in the sense of the "Catholic Church." They must speak for themselves. As far as the Catholic Church is concerned, I have never seen a statement, official or otherwise, which has condemned the religious or other paintings of Mr. Chambers.—*Rev. Aloysius S. Horn.*

I was not criticizing you nor any priest or minister who loves the beauty of Chambers' pictures. My criticism was for the many Christian clergy who fought these pictures. And they did fight them. The story is true in every detail, and it is not an attack on any church, as you seem to believe. I am a Catholic.—*Edward Doherty.*

IMAGINATION NEEDED

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB.—Mr. Churchill's article Tank Tactics (May 17 Liberty) is indicative of the reluctance of modern countries to accept anything that has not been proven.

The skepticism of men in high places makes new implements of war ineffectual. They fail to use their imaginations and co-ordinate the possibilities science has given them.—*Wayne Overturf.*

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ MAJOR BARBARA

Liberty's distinguished contributor, George Bernard Shaw, wrote Major Barbara thirty-five years ago. It has had many stage presentations, but the world and films have just caught up with it. I am afraid that Shaw was far ahead of his time, besides being more than a little unfair to the Salvation Army when he used it to dramatize his message on poverty, religion, and war.

Anyway, his Major Barbara, the daughter of a wealthy British family, has joined the Army because of a genuine desire to uplift the downtrodden. She little realizes that the tattered slatterns and derelicts who haunt her Salvation Army shelter are, in the main, hypocrites who patch up lurid confessions of scarlet pasts in order to get easy food and charity. But she rebels when she finds the leaders of her Salvation Army blandly accepting big donations from whisky distillers and even from her own father, who is a great manufacturer of such instruments of destruction as cannons and submarines. So she turns in her Army uniform.

Meanwhile a young professor of Greek has joined Barbara's Salvation forces, first to study this modern religious cult, then to remain because he has fallen in love. He quits when Barbara quits. In the end Barbara's millionaire munition-making dad sells the professor the idea of managing his model death factory and the girl sells herself a new theory of happiness.

Shaw always has believed that the lack of money is the root of all evil. Through all this comedy runs the Shavian philosophic hatred of all who make a virtue of poverty and humility. He prefers the munition king's outstanding egoism and he sneers at those who accept the benefactions of such men and yet condemn their morality. As to Gunmaker Andrew Undershaft's business, Shaw points out that man is naturally a destructive animal but, as a balm for his conscience, is eternally building romantic excuses for wholesale killing, such as patriotism, duty, and justice. What the world needs, if your Beverly Hills understands Shaw correctly, is the ousting of old faiths and conventions, old religions and moralities.

With its munition-making father and his philosophy of killing, United Artists' Major Barbara possesses a singular timeliness. Then, too, it was filmed under fire in England, being started in August, 1939, just two weeks before war was declared, and continuing well into 1940.

Shaw, incidentally, wrote the scenario of Major Barbara, adding some sixty new scenes to heighten and underscore the timeliness. The acting is intelligent, brittle, challenging. Wendy Hiller, who was the Eliza Doolittle of Pygmalion, is admirable as Barbara; Robert Morley is a delight as the armament king. You'll like Rex Harrison as the audacious professor of Greek who "collects religions."

In Major Barbara the discerning will encounter a rare and daring piece of film making, completely and brilliantly cerebric, slowing up rather badly when it moves into the armament foundry. Conventional movie audiences, I fear, will find Major Barbara too talky, too full of messages, too unconventional. It's up to *you*.

★ ★ ★ KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE

When Clare Boothe wrote Kiss the Boys Goodbye, which ran 300 per-

(*Continued on page 42*)

ONLY WESTFIELD offers values like these!

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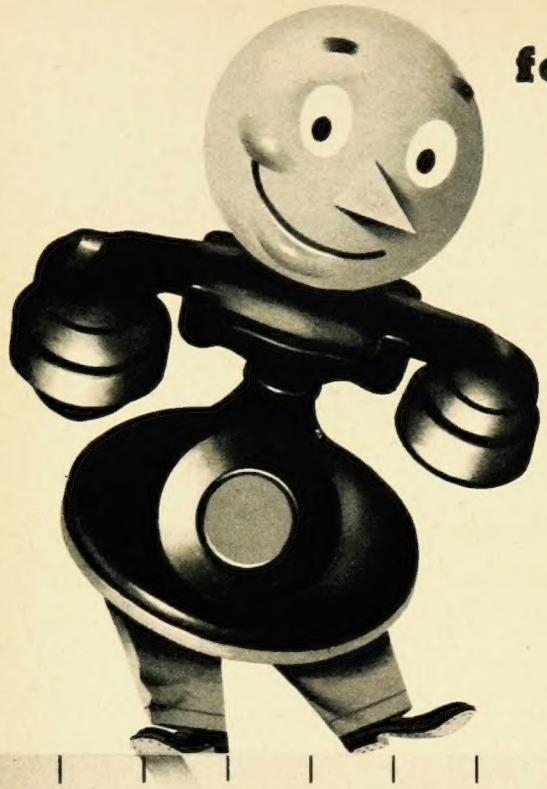
Better Built—Better Styled—Lower Priced!

WESTFIELD WATCHES

Westfield Watch Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

What are the best times for your Long Distance calls?



THE chart below shows the ebb and flow of Long Distance telephone calls during an average day.

Notice the sharp peaks in mid-morning and mid-afternoon?

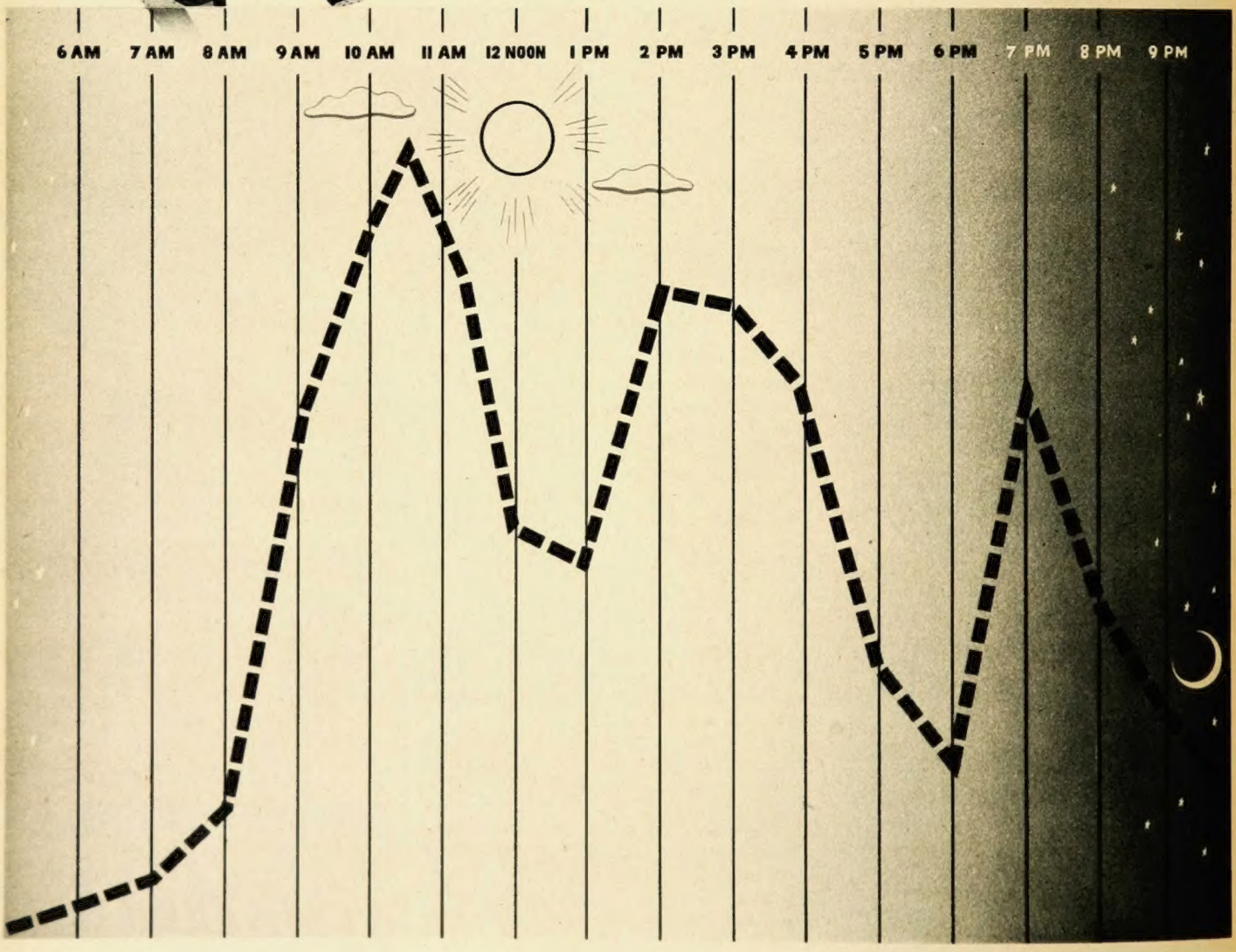
That's when the business men you want to reach are busiest.

See the third peak at 7 P. M.?

That's when your out-of-town friends are most likely to be telephoning, too.

If you avoid these three peak periods, you'll get fast service and may find folks more free to talk.

It's a simple suggestion — but worth remembering these days when defense puts such a load on telephone facilities.



Long Distance *helps unite the nation*

"The Telephone Hour" is broadcast every Monday. (N. B. C. Red Network, 8 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.)

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

JUNE 21, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 25

NO COMPROMISE ON FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

☆ LIBERTY believes in full and free discussion of all phases of our foreign policy. It abhors, as the very denial of the democratic principle, the smearing of earnest American patriots whose views are at variance with those of the President and his advisers.

Only by free expression of all points of view can we achieve national unity when the time for decision arrives.

But on one phase of this grave matter some isolationist leaders are talking through their hats.

They fail to understand the historic reasons behind our national policy of the freedom of the seas. They are rockaby baby patriots crooning a lying lullaby to the American people. They tell us the Atlantic and the Pacific are natural barriers against invasion.

This soporific advice of the isolationists is in violent contradiction to the traditional defense policy of this country.

Long ago the United States of America laid down one great international principle for which we have fought time and again—the principle of freedom of the seas. Only recently our President reminded the European tyrants of that traditional fighting principle. But he failed to point out that Americans had fought and died for that principle not merely to ensure the peaceful commerce of our merchant ships but, first and above all, for the protection of our homes and citizens.

Freedom of the seas—what does that mean? It means that no one power can command the waters, no one nation dominate the oceans—for if that condition should ever come to pass, the tyrant of the seas, unthreatened and unimpeded, could move armadas where it would, convoy armies and supplies against any nation that had one mile of seacoast, overwhelm all peaceful shores, and eventually master the world.

And that is precisely Hitler's objective today.

That is also precisely why we have fought again and again in defense of freedom of the seas.

We waged a bloody war against England in 1812 to establish that great principle of international law. England had seized our ships, made prisoners of our seamen, impressed them into her own navy. We were a new little nation, but, unafraid, sure of the justice of our cause, we went to war against an empire. Before the war was over the English had invaded this country and burned down the government buildings in Washington. But we fought on until the enemy begged for peace.

In 1858 Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, instructed Captain Jarvis of the U. S. S. Savannah that he should "protect any vessel of the United States from search or detention on the high seas by the armed ships of any other power."

That, of course, was not the end of it. During the Civil War we came to the very threshold of war with England again, over the Alabama issue. But that time we settled the issue, won our point, without bloodshed.

And then came 1917, when we warned Germany against unrestricted submarine warfare and once more we went to war.

Now the signs multiply that Hitler and his advisers have failed to understand that we mean what we say. The same old principle may once more be the gauge of possible battle.

If that is to be the challenge, then let the tyrants look out.

America will fight, as it has always fought, for the freedom of the seas—not because of foreign trade but because of domestic safety.

On this issue we cannot be lulled to sleep. The rockaby baby patriots can save their voices. Here we will not compromise.

For we know that if the seas are closed against us, the end is ruin and slavery.

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READING TIME • 37 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

BEGINNING *Footsteps behin*

PART ONE—OF AN OLD LADY AND AN ESCAPE FROM DEATH

☆ THE rain drummed a malicious farewell on the roof of the bus shelter. Jo stood alone by the pot-bellied stove which squatted like an ashy burning Buddha in the middle of the shack. Her bag was near the door, ready for her dash to the bus, and an extra coat was slung over it. These the clothes she wore, her one-way ticket to St. Paul, and twenty-two dollars represented her entire fortune. Josephine Lang was saying good-by to Hickok, Nevada; and the beating rain scolded her the way the town scolded.

People had buzzed and roared until she could hardly answer. What she had done was too trivial to deserve a reply—so she thought. But her answer, when it came, had been drowned in their laughter.

Across the muddy street was the one-storied pool parlor. Through the streaming rain she could see the idle men, the loafers, the town bums waving and grinning at her. They had become her only supporters now, but their malicious, stupid smiles irritated her more than the idiotic condemnation of the rest. Their acceptance of her was the more insulting because they now considered her somehow to be beyond the pale of respectability.

The door of the poolroom opened and a man shot across the street. He slammed into the shelter, dripping water. When he saw the young teacher, a knowing, vapid smile came into his eyes.

"Hi-ya, Jo," he said easily. She had never seen him before in her life, yet he felt privileged to call her by her first name! "The boys got a good-by present for ya. Here!"

He held out a carton of cigarettes.

Her face froze as she stared at it and understood the stupid joke. He grinned at her, and then ran to the window to see if the others across the street were properly pleased. Still grinning, he dropped the carton for her and ran back.

Slowly Jo picked up the carton and put it on her coat. The eastbound bus, a huge shapeless shadow, splashed up to a halt.

The bus driver came in for her bags and motioned for her to precede him.

In the bus, sixty-three faces looked up at her. She took the only empty seat, next to a young man. In the seat behind, an elderly lady blinked once and then smiled as though welcoming a caller. The young man next to her looked at her briefly and then turned away.

Some passengers were singing. She couldn't recognize the tune or the words. It sounded like a pep song.

The young man turned back slowly. He was about twenty-seven, pleasant-looking in a better than average way. His sandy hair was straight and there

The old people didn't even look at her and walked past. Their measured pace was now sinister in its deliberateness.

A girl's amazing adventure . . . Here's a swift, tense novel with a new kind of thrill!

were freckles all over his nose and forehead.

"Don't you know the convention ong?" he asked. His voice was sardonic and a little challenging.

"What convention?" Jo asked. The song rose and ebbed about them.

"Do you mean to tell me you're not going to the National Convention of Independent Millers?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," Jo said. She stared ahead, not knowing whether he was joking or not. She was a little afraid of him, especially of the withdrawn caustic personality that revealed itself only by its sharp edges. Jo was in no mood for jokes at her own expense.

"Then you picked the wrong bus," he replied. "Everybody here but four of us is an Independent Miller, and the Millers resent our presence. They feel that they chartered this bus to Chicago, and that the four of us are hitchhikers. Do you want to join the Independent Non-Millers? I'm the president."

Jo smiled. "All right; but who are the other two?"

"The other two are the old people behind us. They don't even know they're members, but I voted them in." He was staring at her. As she looked ahead, she could feel the searching pressure of his eyes. "You look awfully familiar," he said slowly. "I'm sure I've seen you before. Did you ever live in San Diego?"

Jo lowered her face. She hadn't counted on the publicity. She knew that the story had been carried in out-of-town papers, but at the time it didn't seem anything more than an additional stupidity. For the first time, she realized that people she knew nothing about knew all about her.

"No," she replied. Her voice was short. "I've never been to San Diego. It's just that I have an ordinary face."

"I'll admit you've got only two eyes, a nose, and a mouth. It's the way they're put together, and it's not an ordinary job. You can't put me off so easily. Have you got a twin sister in San Diego?"

"No." She turned slightly in her seat and looked away. She could feel his eyes on her, his pleasant brown eyes searching the faces of people he remembered.

"It seems to me . . ." His voice was reflective as he began to speak, and then the tone changed suddenly. He stopped, and she awaited the next word, praying that it wouldn't mean recognition. A package of cigarettes appeared before her. He was holding them out, watching her face.

"Cigarette?" he said quietly.

The bus rocked gently as it sped across the flat wet land. It was hot and smoky and the noise of the singing crowded around her, pressing her down in her seat. She looked up, expecting to see him laughing the same public laugh she had grown to loathe. But this man's face was still straight, politely inquiring.

(*Continued on page 55*)

BY MITCHELL WILSON

The U.S.S.R. and the World

By George Bernard Shaw

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ WHEN at the end of the war the combatants, having done their best to destroy one another, are left exhausted and stalemated, the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. may say to them, "We won't have this," meaning the blockade, or possibly war as such. Russia is in earnest about that, and neither Russia nor the United States wishes Britain to finish cock of the walk.

How do I justify the statements? How can I be right, in view of the way that Russia treated Finland and Poland, and of the fact that the avowed purpose of Russian Communism is world-wide revolution through the ruthless slaughter of the bourgeoisie?

Let us deal with Finland first. Now, there is no powerful state in the world that would allow a hostile neighbor to become a naval base within range of its capital for its bitterest enemies. And there is no other state that would not have swallowed up Finland to her last acre instead of, like Russia, with incredible political honesty, confining her demands to the bare readjustment of frontier that was indispensable to her safety. Such an example should make our predatory imperialists blush—if they were capable of it. Instead, they clamor for a military reoccupation of Eire, which is British Finland.

As for Poland, s-s-sh! How have you the face to mention Poland? Great Britain guaranteed Poland, and then left her to her fate. Stalin did not guarantee Poland; but when Adolf Hitler grabbed her, Stalin pounced on him and rescued White Russia from him. The Führer did not dare to remonstrate. White Russia—Byelorussia—is not only better off as part of the U. S. S. R. than under its old landlords, but actually more Polish; for Russia does not suppress nationalities; it gives them back their land and leaves them their language. What sane observer ever believed that Russia would not take back her lost provinces when the alternative was to leave them to her vociferous German enemy?

If we had secured Russia as our ally in that business, Germany would not have dared to treat the Poles as she is treating them today. Probably there would have been no war. An alliance of the U. S. S. R., the U. S. A., and the British Commonwealth could dictate to the Axis; and President Roosevelt has begun it by committing the U. S. A. to alliance with Russia by virtually declaring war on Japan.

If the British Commonwealth is kept out of it by its half-witted Old School Ties, it will be dictated to by Roosevelt and Stalin; for without their support it will be starved out,

(*Continued on page 64*)

Mr. Shaw and the U.S.S.R.

By Eugene Lyons

What price Stalin? . . . A startling debate in which, for once, Mr. Shaw hasn't the last word

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ LIKE George Bernard Shaw, I saw and talked to Joseph Stalin, and, like George Bernard Shaw, I found him exceedingly pleasant. His affability to visiting journalists, however, does not diminish by a single corpse the sum total of the internal crimes and external aggressions of Stalin and his regime.

It hardly affects the cumulative horror of Stalin's blood purges and man-made famines, the millions jammed into his forced-labor concentrations, and the police terror that makes life under the Romanovs seem liberal by contrast.

Unlike Mr. Shaw, who visited the U. S. S. R. briefly once in a burst of banquets and ballyhoo, I lived close to its desperations for six consecutive years. I can only regard his pretense that the Kremlin boss is anything but a despot and a dictator as so much political clowning. To pass off Stalin's bloody works as "statesmanship" depresses the clowning to the level of the macabre.

The fact is that Stalin's faintest frown outweighs all the laws, decrees, and make-believe constitutions of his unfortunate land. The tradition of personal absolutism carried over from Czardom has been blended with the demagogy of a modern totalitarian dictatorship to produce the unprecedented power of this man Stalin.

In suggesting that Stalin is "simply the secretary of the Russian Thinking Cabinet, which can sack him at a day's notice," Mr. Shaw is evidently at his old game of pulling the world's leg. He knows that Stalin has the privilege of shooting his fellow thinkers on that imaginary cabinet, and that, moreover, he exercises that privilege with relentless industry.

Estimates of the number of Stalin's comrades killed off at his express behest in the last few years range between 50,000 and 100,000. The Soviets are lamentably modest in providing statistics on such statesmanship, but their own press reports give a basis for reasonable guesses. The vast majority of these victims have been members of Stalin's own Bolshevik "cabinet." No Bolo-hating Tory in fond daydreaming has slaughtered as many Communists as Stalin has in grim reality.

That, incidentally, is one of the things that endeared him belatedly to fellow dictators. Benito Mussolini's newspapers at one time asserted in so many words that Stalin was performing a great Fascist service in purging Russia of its Communists. Unfortunately, those purged included almost the whole of the Red Army High Command, the best generals, economic directors, political organizers, and idealists of Red Russia. The resulting debilitation of Soviet strength and prestige go farther in explaining Moscow's alliance with Hitlerism than any of Mr. Shaw's assumptions.

During Mr. Shaw's one descent on the Soviet paradise, back in 1931, it was my professional chore to report his whimsical doings for the British and American press. Neither the mass arrests nor the brutal "liquidation" of kulaks, neither the food shortages nor any of the other sufferings about which we correspondents knew in intimate and gruesome detail, passed over the threshold of the Irish playwright's mind. Certainly he showed no signs of awareness of such trifles. He even had the ill grace, in a public speech, to rib the Russian people on their to-do about food—this at a time when thousands were dying of undernourishment.

This needs to be understood about Soviet enthusiasts like Mr. Shaw to explain their Alice in Wonderland version of Stalin's role in the present war. That version must be seen in the larger framework of the myth of a happy and democratic Soviet Russia that exists only in the wide-open spaces of their wishful thinking.

According to this mythology, the Kremlin pleaded with "other" democracies for collective effort to beat down Fascism. Having been rudely repulsed, the fairy tale proceeds, Comrade Stalin had no alternative but to make a "peace pact" with Hitler and Hitler's associates in the Anti-Comintern Axis. When that Axis invaded Poland, the U. S. S. R. kindly "saved" half that country from the Nazis and would have "saved" all of Finland as well, except that the Finnish ingrates refused the blessings.

The only trouble with the story is that it is not true. At the time when Stalin touched off the second World War by his pact giving the Nazis the right of way, British and French missions were in Moscow begging for some form of understanding. The western nations had demonstrated their earnestness in the most convincing way possible — by guaranteeing the frontiers of Poland and Rumania against German violation. Since Hitler could hardly attack Stalin without going through Poland or Rumania, these guaranties had in effect undertaken to guard Russia against Germany.

The much propagated notion that France and England sought to direct Hitler's dynamic energies against the Soviet Union thus appears as pure invention. The truth is that the Chamberlains and Daladiers were appeasers to the marrow of their bones.

They wanted to prevent any one fighting any one else, to avoid rocking the European boat.

True, the western democracies had not been overly cordial to Russia—which, considering Moscow's long and fervid attacks on those democracies, is not difficult to understand. But Nazi Germany had not been especially cordial to Soviet Russia, either. If it was possible for Stalin to forgive and forget Hitler's threats and insults, why could he not forgive and forget the Chamberlain-Daladier insults, now that France and England were so clearly eager to make friends and to head off Nazi depredations?

Precisely when collective action against Fascism was at last recognized as essential, the Kremlin made its nefarious bargain with Hitlerism, unleashing the war horrors which now devastate humankind. There is every reason to believe that there would have been no war if

(*Continued on page 64*)

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

BY TALBERT JOSSELYN

Wife trouble

Baseball behind the scenes! A lively tale of rivalry, courage, and a rookie's bride

Her hand flashed up. Swiftly, she struck Gwen on one cheek.

☆ I WAS sitting in the lobby of our hotel at the training camp when I saw the young fellow and girl come up to the desk. I saw him speaking to the desk clerk, and heard the clerk saying:

"Mr. Geary? He's sitting over there smoking a cigar."

The young fellow came over to me. "Mr. Geary?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I'm Stan Kovich," he said.

I got to my feet and shook hands with our new shortstop. I've a good-sized hand, but it got lost when he put his own scoop-shovel hand around it. Which made me like him right away. He was short, thickset, bow-legged. He had a dark, heavy-boned face. He looked clumsy. But at least he had a pair of big hands, and with big hands . . .

"I'm glad to see you," I said. I'd never met him before. It was Joey Myers, our ace scout, who had dug him up and brought him along until he was ready for big time. So all I knew about him to date was hearsay.

"I'm glad to see you," he said, and that bony face of his lighted up, and you could see he was really glad to see me. "And I . . . I want you to meet my wife."

"Your wife?" I asked.

"Yes. We were married last week."

He turned and beckoned to the girl, who was standing by one of the lobby palms. She came up. She was about his age, which was in the early twenties. She was short, stocky, and not by the wildest stretch of imagination could she have been called good-looking. You'd have called hers a good strong face with a fine pair of dark brown eyes.

"Mary," said young Stan Kovich, "this is Mr. Geary. He's the manager of our club, you know. Mr. Geary, this is my wife, Mary."

The way he said it, the way he looked at her, made you know that he thought his wife Mary was the finest, the most wonderful woman in all the world.

I shook hands with Mary Kovich. She had a firm, competent grip. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mary," I said. "Glad to welcome you two to training camp."

"It's wonderful!" said Mary Kovich, and her eyes were shining. "The whole trip's wonderful. Today, just before we got here, we passed by miles of orange trees with ripe oranges right on them!"

Young Stan Kovich grinned. "She got a big kick out of it. She's never been very far away from home. Neither had I," he added quickly, "until I began playing ball. And, you see, where we come from in Pennsylvania the snow was three feet deep when we left and they hadn't seen the sun for two weeks."

"Sure!" I said. "I was brought up in a country like that myself."

I stood looking at the two, and somehow it seemed that time had gone back to years ago. Their manner, the clothes they were wearing—good

clothes that had cost plenty of money, but that still told of a small-town Men's Bon Ton Store and a Mode Dressmaking Shop—made me think of training camps back in the past. Not away back in the past, with a gangling young fellow arriving with a meat-paper suitcase and wearing a neck shave and a celluloid collar—which was myself—but part-way back in the past.

And then suddenly it was the present again.

A young man and woman in their late twenties were coming across the lobby—Duke Hanlon, one of our ace pitchers, and Gwen, his wife. Duke had a fast ball that made buckshot look like a casaba; his curve broke like a trayful of dropped dishes. With him and a couple other pitchers we'd won the pennant the last two years in a row, and then had topped that off by grabbing the series last fall. He was a big, wide-shouldered, mighty good-looking hombre. He came across the lobby with that lithe, easy stride of his, tanned, bareheaded, wearing the latest thing in a linen sports shirt and slacks and open-mesh shoes . . . a striking figure.

His wife Gwen was equally striking. She was one of these tall, cool blondes that tan to utter perfection. She was one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen. She had been on the stage, and had left it to marry Duke the first year he made the grade with the big leagues.

They saw me, saw the two I was talking with, and they slackened their pace, looking at Stan and Mary Kovich with a quizzical, narrowed gaze. Stan and Mary saw them, and Stan Kovich's eyes widened. You could see that he had recognized Duke Hanlon, was telling himself that here was *the* Duke Hanlon in the flesh. Mary Kovich was looking at Gwen, and it was the look of a girl gazing on perfection.

"Hi!" I called to Duke and Gwen. "How'd the game go?" I asked Duke.

He made a sour face. "Lousy. I had a seventy-six. Not a single putt would drop."

Duke's the kind that takes his golf hard.

"I want you people to get acquainted," I said. "We're all going to be together for quite a while." And I introduced Stan and Mary to Duke and Gwen.

Stan and Mary Kovich showed their delight like pups going after a shoe. Duke and Gwen didn't. For a moment they stared, then gave the briefest acknowledgment out of frozen faces. And then they looked at me, and those looks fairly shouted. "So this is what's going to fill Tommy Regan's shoes!" said Duke's look. And "So this is what's in place of Alice Regan!" said Gwen's.

Tommy Regan . . . Alice Regan.

And that takes us back.

Last fall, after we'd squeezed through in the series, the head of the club and Joey Myers and I got together. I'd been seeing things toward

(*Continued on page 37*)

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Has Hollywood found another Harlow?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

Jane Russell in two moods.

☆ HOWARD HUGHES, who is back for another nonstop flight in pictures with The Outlaw, tells me he doesn't think it is fair to compare Jane Russell with Jean Harlow.

"In the first place," says Mr. Hughes, "Jane isn't the type; and, in the second place, it isn't fair to any young actress to expect her to measure up to Harlow in her first picture."

On the first count, and on strictly superficial evidence, the jury must bring in a verdict in Mr. Hughes' favor. At first glance there is nothing alike about the unknown girl he introduced in Hell's Angels and the twenty-year-old unknown girl he is introducing in The Outlaw.

The color arrangements are certainly different. Jane's hair—which is really a rich brown, like her eyes—photographs as ebon black as Jean's did platinum blonde. On the screen she looks more like Myrna Loy than she does like Jean Harlow, though taller.

And the resemblance is more than superficial. Although, in this Hughes saga of Billy the Kid, Jane plays the youthful outlaw's hot-tempered, hellion sweetheart, there is that about her which suggests that she would be equally at home in one of Myrna's roles of ineffable—but decidedly not untouchable—gentility. And when she wrinkles her nose, she is Mrs. Nick Charles in person!

But she is as sultry as Harlow ever was—which is all right in my book. We males like our music "sweet" as well as "hot." A combination of Harlow and Loy is what most of us have been looking for all our lives—and, boys, we've found it in Jane Russell!

Expect her to "measure up" in her first picture?

Of course we do. What difference does it make that a few weeks ago Jane was a ten-dollar-a-week doctor's receptionist? Jean made the transition from almost anonymity to world-wide fame in one picture. How can a combination of Jean and Myrna miss? Not forgetting Jane herself, who really isn't anybody's carbon copy, no matter how you look at her. And you can't help looking!

Lithe and lovely, Jane Russell has a fresh young vivid personality, with a face as photogenic as Nature's own, and a bodily sumptuousness which she carries with a poise developed by schoolgirl athletics *plus* a sense of the dramatic, both inherited and acquired.

Inherited—because her mother was a well known and talented actress, Geraldine Jacobi, member of George Arliss' company until her marriage to Father Russell in 1918. And acquired—because her mother, when Father Russell died three years ago—fifteen years after he had moved his family to California and a comfortable ranch home in the San Fernando Valley—used the small trust fund, which was all that he left, to give her beautiful young daughter instruction in the dramatic arts at Max Reinhardt's school and Mme. Ouspenskaya's.

But neither she nor Jane had any idea that the latter was ready for her big chance, until it came.

Scores of girls in Hollywood spend days and nights plotting ways and means of crashing the movies. Jane had nothing in common with this career-mad troupe. Until she was "discovered" by Hughes, she had never met an important Hollywood "personality."

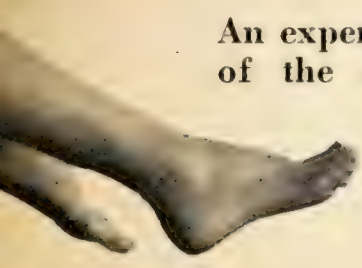
She had been much too busy, for one thing. Since the death of her father Jane has been more or less the head of the house. She has had to grow up in a hurry. It was necessary for her to change from being the palsy sister to being the boss of her four brothers—ages from eleven to sixteen. And do those brothers respect her commands! Jane has a temper and doesn't mind losing it on the right occasions.

The effect of this all-out masculine environment made the child Jane quite the tomboy. She played around with her brothers and their friends, and as a result is as adept at many sports as are most boys. She rides, hunts, fishes, and swims. She cares little for dancing and night clubs.

The story of Jane's "discovery" is unusual, in that it does not follow the formulae of other discoveries in the past. She was not found in a dime store, or behind a soda fountain, or serving at a drive-in stand. She arrived via standard channels.

It was Jane's photograph rather than the girl herself that started her on the road to fame. And it was a Hollywood agent, who had submitted dozens of photographs to the Hughes office in an effort to sew up the role of Rio for one of his clients, who started the chain of circumstance.

Jane had been a Tom Kelly model in Los Angeles—which is the same thing as being a Powers model in



An expert ponders the delectable case of the screen's newest beauty-thrill

New York. Her picture hung on the wall of a photographer's studio. The above-mentioned Hollywood agent saw it and took it round to Hughes with a stack of others. Hughes looked at it, and was interested.

In spite of the fact that Jane used to be a model, she had neither evening nor day clothes when her chance came to dazzle the eyes of a Hollywood millionaire producer, already conditioned to the glories of Ciro's. She had only some left-over high-school dresses and some slacks.

After due deliberation she chose one of the former. Then came the question of make-up. That was easy. Except for photographic purposes, she had never used any. So all she had to do was to run her comb through her hair and get set.

But Jane Russell didn't take her interview with Mr. Hughes as casually as all this sounds. She knew that the role for which she was being tested was that of a half-Mexican wench, and that it would require a Mexican accent to make it sound true. So she spent the night before her test with a Mexican family with whose daughter she had gone to Van Nuys High.

Hughes saw her, heard her—and she got the job!

Initially, of course, Jane's professional future depends upon the success of The Outlaw, but of that I, personally, have no doubt.. Howard Hughes is the success type. While he was making Hell's Angels, the movies changed almost overnight from silents to talkies. Hughes' investment, over $2,000,000, was apparently lost.

But what did Howard Hughes do? He got Jean Harlow—the heroine of the silent version had been picked for face, not for sound—and started all over again, doing the directing himself and spending another $2,000,000 on the retake. And Hell's Angels was one of the most profitable box-office pictures of all time.

Of course he has directed his new picture himself. He has spent only a million and a quarter on it, a mere handful, the way Hollywood now dishes out the New York bankers' cash. But don't forget this: a million and a quarter for The Outlaw is like $20,000,000 for Hell's Angels. And it is absolutely tops for a Western with sets by Nature.

And practically all the money goes into celluloid, not into ballyhooed stars' bank accounts. There aren't any big salaries to pay in The Outlaw—except to Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell—because Hughes, having "discovered" Harlow in Angels and having introduced two Hollywood strangers, Paul Muni and George Raft, in Scarface, is going all out this time by pitting against amateur Jane Russell an amateur leading man, Jack Buetel, who is making his first appearance on any screen.

Jane Russell's personal future, she says, is not dependent on the success of The Outlaw or any other cinematic effort: "I made up my mind, when I first heard about this film offer, that I was not going to be disappointed if it didn't work out. If I don't have a career, I don't have a career, that's all."

Of course there's a reason for this unusual display of sang-froid in one so young, and the reason in Jane's case is six feet two long. His name is Bob Waterfield, sophomore footballer at UCLA. Bob and Jane have been going "steady" for two years now, and he gave her an engagement ring for Christmas.

Personally, I am willing to put a big bet on both Jane's personal and professional success because, unlike most of the girls who get a taste of typographical fame and immediately become a part of the Hollywood routine, the pattern of Jane's life has remained undisturbed.

She has yet to appear in a night club. She has met only four Hollywood personalities—Thomas Mitchell and Walter Huston, with whom she worked in The Outlaw; Pat O'Brien, who visited the set one day; and Basil Rathbone, whom she met on a coast-to-coast radio program on the occasion of an Army Day ceremony at Camp Roberts, where Jane was made Honorary Camp Hostess.

Mother Russell and sons are also doing well. Least impressed of all, perhaps, is Kenneth, aged fifteen. Asked by an inquiring reporter how it seemed to have a movie star around the house, he shrugged an adolescent shoulder and said:

"I'd settle for Lana Turner."

Which, you may have gathered, I wouldn't!

THE END

There is a common impression that Lindbergh is following in the footsteps of his father, who in 1917 opposed intervention in Europe's war. Last week Mr. Collins pointed out that the father believed a war economy would make worse the "maldistribution of wealth," whereas, if a similar belief is now inspiring the son, there has been no indication of it.

As for Lindbergh's mother, from all appearances he and she have seen but little of each other since his flight to Paris and fame. He seems to be no longer in touch with his old schoolmates and early flying mates, whose reticence concerning him is marked. In 1927 the world made up its mind that this young hero was modest; Mr. Collins gives grounds for the conclusion that he actually is, and has been all along, a self-salesman and a good one. Moreover, "Lucky Lindy" was a misnomer, since he has invariably shown shrewdness and forethought, made most careful calculations and preparations. He didn't obtain his considerable fortune by chance—though after he flew the Atlantic the New York Times did generously present him with the entire profit from its syndication of his own story.

PART THREE—HITLER, AND THE BOON OF PRIVACY

☆ THERE is only one thing in the world duller than a hearing before an investigating committee of the House of Representatives. This was it—a hearing before an investigating committee of the Senate.

Time: January, 1934

For days, prosy experts—both aeronautical and actuarial—had droned through seemingly endless calculations and statistics in an effort to acquaint the members of the committee with the intricacies of the airplane industry.

On this particular day the hitherto highly successful efforts of committee members to catch up on their sleep were annoyingly interfered with by repeated rustlings caused by a witness having to resort frequently to a briefcase full of papers to refresh his memory.

The old men behind the great semicircular desk on the platform rolled restlessly on their padded seats. Something had to be done, and that quickly, to restore the normal atmosphere of somnolency.

"Suppose you let us take a look at those records," suggested the chairman. "Just hand them up here. All of them."

But if he hoped thus to achieve a return to serenity, he was never so wrong in his life!

"Aghast, the witness obeyed. A committee investigator ruffled through the papers, finally handed one to the chairman. In a few minutes press wires were burning with a startling fact"—which, although quite irrelevant to the investigation, was enough to banish sleep from that chamber.

This alleged "startling fact" was that "Charles A. Lindbergh received 25,000 shares of stock (worth $250,000), plus an option on 25,000 more at the same price, plus his $10,000-a-year salary, upon becoming chairman of a certain aviation company's technical committee in 1928."

Lindbergh in 1936, with German air officials and American army and navy air attachés, upon his arrival at Staaken, the German military airfield close to Berlin.

Just why this casual discovery that Charles Lindbergh was making money should have been considered so startling is not easy to explain. "It is a man's work to make a fortune," says the philosopher, "and under normal circumstances a measure of ability." Especially is the process considered a highly honorable one among us Americans.

Moreover, there could be no question but that the flyer, by his prestige, had richly earned his riches. In fact, the record shows that "the stock rose after Lindbergh's association with the company was publicized." For that matter, the mere fact of an American boy's having flown the Atlantic in an American plane was enough to account for the immediate zooming of many aviation stocks and aviation fortunes with which the Colonel had no official connection.

But the public had gotten a sublimated idea of their Lindy. In spite of those highly publicized sandwiches and of recurring rumors of his having a prodigious appetite, it seemed never to have occurred to most Lindy worshipers that their hero was as other men were, and that he not only needed to eat regularly but might like a little butter with his bread.

It would be too much to say that the public was shocked. It would have been impossible in 1934 for anything about Lindbergh to shock anybody. That came later. But, for the first time, straight-seeing insiders realized that they were dealing not with a Flying Fool or a Lucky Lindy but with a smart young go-getter.

And when, a month later, Lindbergh lent his voice, along with the other aviation magnates, to—as it turned out—a wholly justifiable protest against the cancellation of government mail contracts with private companies, Senator Norris went so far as to say:

"Now Colonel Lindbergh is earning his $250,000."

This was, so far as the writer recalls, the first criticism, or implied criticism, of America's No. 1 hero ever to appear in the public prints.

Working newspapermen had long since discovered that the astute Colonel, with his lack of consideration for others, was far from the "parfit gentil knight" which their stories had pictured him as being. But they had kept his secret and their own. It had remained for the crusty old senator from Nebraska, one of the few men in the world who dares to say any-

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Why Lindbergh Acts That Way

Here is a new and arresting answer to the question: Why did the Lone Eagle take that medal from Göring?

thing he thinks about anybody he wants to, publicly to put the finger on shrewd Business Man Lindbergh.

No, the public wasn't shocked, but Lindbergh apparently was. He even issued a public statement—which in one who had up to that time used the English language more sparingly than any other public man except perhaps Calvin Coolidge, was a phenomenon even more notable than the criticism which prompted it, and should have prepared us for the flood of Lindberghian eloquence which has since inundated the front pages he once strove to have us believe he loathed.

His statement differed from the committee's version only in detail. Denying that he had ever received an outright gift from any aviation company, he admitted that one company had turned over to him $250,000 in cash with an invitation to invest it in its stock, and that he had made profits from dealings in that stock totaling nearly $200,000; that another company had furnished him with warrants to buy its stock, from which he had profited to the extent of more than $150,000; and that both companies and an air-minded railroad had each put him on the payroll as "technical adviser" at $10,000 a year.

Whether the Colonel's sending a telegram of protest to the President about the mail contracts was part of what he was doing to earn his money, no one outside the aviation industry can say for sure. But even if it was, there was nothing in the fact which reflected on his integrity. Personally, I don't see anything wrong about the matter except that he seems to have violated the usual code of courtesy which governs communications to the head of the nation—just as he apparently did in the matter of his recent resignation from the army—by making his telegram public before its arrival at the White House. If so. this was a boorish thing to do but not a dishonorable one.

Anyway, whatever service Lindbergh rendered his employers, they were apparently well satisfied. His name was not only an asset in stock sales but in ticket sales. For a decade the company which had put up the first $250,000, called itself proudly "the Lindbergh Line," and in most of its ticket offices "the helmeted head of Colonel Lindbergh looked confidently skyward."

Then, suddenly, in December, 1938, Lindbergh, his name, his head, disappeared from the company's publicity.

Every American knew why.

Lindbergh had taken that medal from Göring.

The public which had refused to be shocked in January, 1934, *was* shocked in December, 1938.

And the measure of what had happened in less than five years to the American estimate of Charles Lindbergh's popularity lay in the fact that hard-headed business men who considered the Lindbergh name a $250,000-plus asset in the former year considered it something to be gotten rid of in the latter year.

Why did Lindbergh allow a thing like that to happen to him?

Why did he take that medal from Göring?

The easy explanations are the ones now being offered most frequently by Lindy apologists: He didn't know what he was doing, or he did know but couldn't refuse without making a scene.

Lindbergh, by his own testimony on the Lease-Lend Bill, knocked the first theory on the head. He knew what he was doing. As for the second explanation, even the blindest hero worshipers would hardly say that the former colonel had established such a reputation for tact and thoughtfulness of the feelings of others as to make it credible that he would have allowed such considerations to sway him in such a critical moment.

As for the naïve suggestion that there was no difference between his acceptance of this Nazi medal and his earlier acceptances of similar medals from England, France, and Belgium, the less naïve among Lindbergh's fellow Americans will observe that there *was* a considerable difference. The earlier medals were awarded following one of the most notable feats of modern times, his solo flight to Paris. The Nazi medal was awarded more than a decade later, following widely publicized remarks which, many believed, helped materially to deliver the European situation into the hands of Hitler and his gang.

(*Continued on page 41*)

Tough Guy

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ THE reporters were waiting for Gahagan that sticky July afternoon. They didn't have long to wait, because Gahagan slept in the Block Hotel, just around the corner from Central Station House. You couldn't say he *lived* there, for he spent every waking hour in his grubby little office at headquarters; but for twenty-four years he had done his sleeping at the hotel.

He barged through the heavy front doors as if he expected them to open with an electric eye; as if they were not even there, sweeping them open with his massive shoulders. This was characteristic of Michael Gahagan. He had a contempt for doors, open, locked, or barricaded.

The reporters ducked out of the press room as Gahagan hard-heeled his way down the corridor, and followed him into his battered office. He circled the desk, scowled at the phones as if he expected them to be already bringing him information, thumbed his greasy-brimmed hat to the back of his head, and sat down hard in a swivel chair. All this time he had not spoken a word.

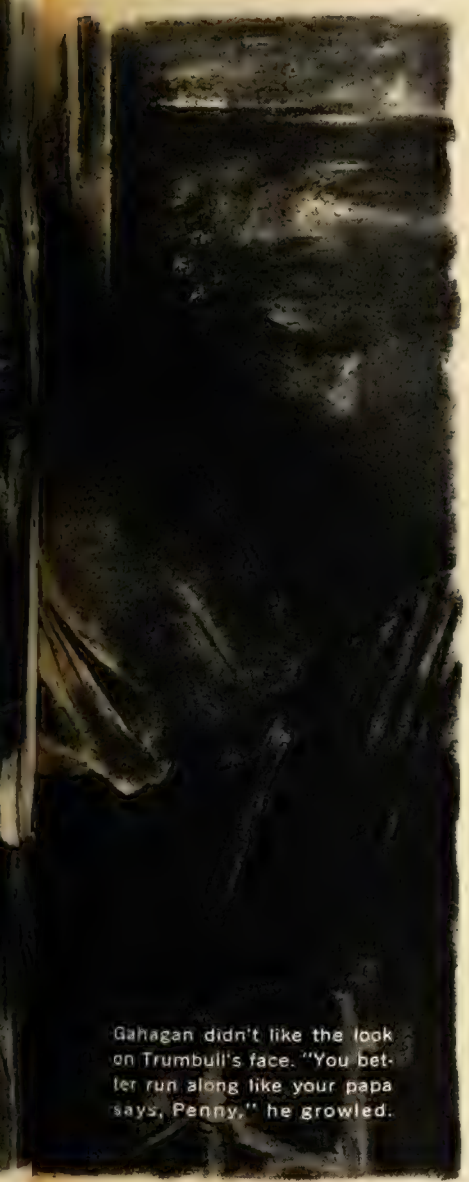
Shawhan of the Tribune, having known Gahagan ever since the latter was in harness, broke the silence:

"You heard about Danny Trumbull killing that special cop, sarge?"

Gahagan nodded. "Naturally."

"You got any leads, Gahagan?" asked one of the younger reporters. It was a silly question and Gahagan ignored it. He didn't talk about his

A vivid, strangely moving story of a cop and a killer—and one small girl



Gahagan didn't like the look on Trumbull's face. "You better run along like your papa says, Penny," he growled.

By Leslie T. White

leads, or his deeds either, for that matter.

"Beat it!" he growled at the newspapermen. "I got work to do."

The reporters filed out. In the corridor, the Herald man who had just been snubbed grumbled:

"That damned Gahagan hasn't a human trait in his make-up. He's the most cold-blooded brutal man-hunting machine I ever saw."

Shawhan lounged into the press room.

"There are tough cops, there are tougher cops, and there is Mike Gahagan!" he said. "He's not a man, he's a symbol. A stolid, brawling, rough-hewn monument to a police era that is almost extinct. One of you punks better rustle up a little java. We'll have to stick around. Gahagan's going to work."

☆ THERE were three telephones in Gahagan's office. One phone was interoffice, another went through the regular police switchboard, the third was a private wire with a confidential number. The Police Commissioner had squawked about that special wire, so Gahagan paid for it out of his own pocket. It was his only assistant, his best source of information, because his private stool pigeons didn't trust the switchboard. When the reporters went out, Gahagan pulled the private phone in front of him and sat back to wait.

He watched the solitary chipped black instrument like a battle-scarred old tomcat at a rat hole. The simile was apt. Gahagan was a big gray-thatched man with sleepy distrustful eyes, a leathery scarred face, and heavy-muscled shoulders. Young reporters wondered if he slept in his clothes. His gnarled old hands looked like a pair of lumpy boxing gloves. His feet were not flat, but they were large and competent. It might in truth be said he planted them with each step, for they appeared to cement him to the earth. As for those who used that confidential phone, they *were* rats.

The phone jangled. The sergeant scooped the receiver off its hook and spoke one word: "Gahagan!" and listened. After a while he said: "You'd better be right!" and hung up.

He stood up, opened the wide drawer of his desk, and took out a heavy shot-filled sap and dropped it into the baggy pocket of his coat. His right hand slid across his chest to his armpit and jerked his service revolver out of its holster. After checking the slugs in the cylinder, he padded across the room and went out the back door to the patrol alley, where his car was parked.

The young reporter saw him go. "Maybe we better follow the sergeant?" he suggested.

Shawhan gave a sardonic chuckle. "Not Gahagan, my boy. If he's located Danny Trumbull, we'll get our story at the morgue. One of them will land there sure. My money's on Gahagan."

☆ DANNY TRUMBULL was so elusive that some skeptics claimed he was merely a myth created by the police department on whom they could pin unsolved crimes. Cynics like Shawhan prophesied that Danny Trumbull would become a legend, like Jack the Ripper. However, if Danny was well on the way to becoming a legend, he was no myth. He hated all cops, collectively and individually. Most of all, and with cause, he hated Michael Gahagan.

Only a few months ago Danny Trumbull had been the leader of a mob of shrewd, intelligent criminals. Trumbull himself was a well educated man. He didn't fraternize with his mobsters and he wasn't a product of the slums. One story had it that he was married and lived in a respectable residential neighborhood. Now he had no mob, thanks to Gahagan.

That, too, was typical of Gahagan. He had learned his trade before the F. B. I. prettified man hunting, as he phrased it, before cops began to carry lawbooks instead of saps. When he got a tip from one of his many stoolies that Danny Trumbull and three of his lieutenants were meeting in the back room of Moriarty's saloon, Gahagan went down there alone. This mob had killed a bank messenger and two cops. He kicked the door clear of its hinges and barged in with his gun bare. Trumbull wasn't there, but the three henchmen were. Gahagan stood in the doorway and shot it out with them. He killed two in the first round, and when the third gorilla,

(*Continued on page 45*)

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

The House on Harmony Street

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

☆ PETER STANLEIGH of British Intelligence, posing as Paul Sturm, a Nazi agent from Canada, goes to a German espionage school in Antwerp run by the beautiful, ruthless Fräulein Doktor. The Fräulein, who takes a great fancy to him, is determined to make him her right-hand man. This annoys Schmidt, who has always been her chief adviser.

Peter is able to get messages through to his chief, Sir John Helton, in London, by means of a secret wireless maintained by Dupon, a patriotic Belgian hairdresser. Also aiding him are D'Hasque and D'Hasque's daughter, Melanie, who, as Maria Luys, a pro-Nazi Belgian, is at Fräulein Doktor's school in the House on Harmony Street.

Fräulein Doktor is suspicious of Melanie alias Maria, and asks Peter to watch her—which he does gladly, hoping to save the girl, whom he loves, from being trapped by a loyal Nazi spy. In spite of his love for Melanie, however, he is forced to pretend love for the Fräulein in order to strengthen her trust in him and get information from her as to Germany's next move against England. One night she reveals it—Germany will attack through Ireland in a few days!

A few minutes later D'Hasque is brought in—a prisoner. Peter can do nothing to help his friend without giving himself away, and the brave old Belgian is led away by Schmidt to be questioned. Before he goes, however, he manages to give Peter a message, written in invisible ink on a small piece of paper. Later, at Dupon's house, Peter reads it. It is from Sir John, and reveals that the British that night will attack the Steen, German military headquarters in Antwerp, and the House on Harmony Street. It orders Peter to go to Tête de Flandre, where MacTigue, a British pilot, will pick him up in a captured German pursuit plane.

PART SIX—MELANIE HATCHES A PLOT

☆ PETER added a line to his own message: "Hope to get more. Shall try to meet Jock."

"Here," he said to Dupon, "send this message to Sir John as soon as possible."

Mme. Dupon came in with the coffee. Only then he told them of the night at the House.

"You will not see him. Anton is dead by now," said Dupon with conviction.

"I'm afraid so," answered Peter, "but I must try."

"There was a brave one," said Elise; and inquired, "Melanie?"

"She doesn't know yet," said Peter. "I must hurry back and try to see her before too many are about. She must not go to the agency."

"To tell her there in the House—no," said Elise. "She might not be able to hide her feelings. They would suspect something."

"Fräulein already suspects her," he said. "I've tried to make her leave, but she won't."

"Tell her I must see her immediately—to come here as soon as she can. Tell her *only* that."

He looked at Elise. A very wise love was in her face. He knew Melanie would need it. "I'd like to be with her myself while she gets this news," he said.

"But it would endanger her," said Elise Dupon. "Send her to me."

"I will," said Peter, "but you must tell her why I did it."

"I know—I know," the woman said, "you two are in love, and such a time is a time for love. But now you must send her to me, or your love for each other will be an unhappy thing. I shall talk of nothing but you and the time she will be with you always."

"Have you thought," asked Stanleigh, "that, having found D'Hasque, they will soon find his associates?"

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

"I have thought of it," said Dupon.

"Tonight I'll have more news to send," said Peter. He started writing on the pad of paper. "I shall need the wireless. But before I come, you two and your son and Melanie must leave here. Take this note to David Van Gastel in Ostend. He will arrange for you to reach England."

"Leave our home?" demanded Pierre.

"Yes," said Peter, "until the war is over."

Pierre and Elise looked at each other. They had intended to die in

their home and their shop if need be, but not to leave Antwerp. They were dismayed.

"When Britain wins—and we will win," said Stanleigh, "you'll come back."

Elise looked at him closely.

"If we go to England," she said, "will you promise that you will send our son, Jean, to Canada until he is of age?"

"better than you—without suspicion. And your house will stand and be yours when the war is over." He had not much time to persuade these two. He must get back and send Melanie out of Fräulein's House. "Do you want to stay here under Nazi rule?"

"No," said Dupon firmly. "But they will not win."

Peter did not dare remind him again that soon he would be in the same situation as D'Hasque. The man would have stayed out of pride and an insurgent courage. So he said, "There is Melanie to be cared for. Take her to England. If I get away tonight, I will join you there. It is safer for her to go with you than with me."

Elise Dupon poured more hot coffee. "Drink this and hurry back," she said.

They dragged out a man who was half walking. I looked down and I saw.

Now a stirring climax draws near in a flaming novel of terror and romance

"Yes," promised Peter. "I'll see that he flies there safely."

"It will be four years—a long time without him—but he will be safe and have a future there, whatever happens to Belgium or England."

Her husband looked at her. "It would be good for Jean."

"Bastyns and your other co-workers can carry or here now," said Peter, "Send Melanie to us and we will go."

"But give me a key to the shop," said Peter. "I shall have something to say to Colonel Helton or his aide tonight. I shall send Melanie as soon as she can get away. Take care of her—and bless you!" He hurried out.

"Will we ever see him again?" asked Pierre of his wife.

"I don't know, but we'll take care of Melanie, and Jean will be safe in Canada, and— Come on, you idiot of a man, we must pack a few things! We must pack to get to freedom!"

"We can't take much," he said. "I must see Bastyns and tell him to take over. He is well trained now."

Stanleigh went back to the House. He would send Melanie to Elise Dupon without alarm and without her knowing it would be their last meeting until, if God were good, they'd meet in England. He must then get the day's wireless reports in the House; see D'Hasque, if he were alive, and tell him he'd sent Melanie to safety. Then he would see the map she had described in the Steen. How? Well, he must, that was all. It could tell him the last bit he needed to know. Then he would go to the shop from which the others had fled and send a final message to Old Helly-John. After that—he'd get out, if he could.

Fräulein Doktor had treated him with something more than kindness. She had trusted him these last days, too. Now if she turned on him—what he had heard of her revenge, even what he'd seen of it, would be nothing to her treatment of *him*. What news had come while he was gone? Every time he returned was a gamble. He reached the House. Otto, the night man, had turned his duties over to Hans for the day.

"Out early," said Hans as he let Peter in.

"Couldn't sleep," said Peter. "Took a walk. Nice day."

"Not very," said Hans, and watched Stanleigh go up the stairs to his room.

Melanie came out of her room as he arrived in the upper hall. The minute he saw her, he realized there was nothing to tell her. Her face was white and strained. "I was waiting for you," she said.

"So you know." He started to put his arm about her.

"Yes, I know. . . . Don't touch me, please, dear, or I'll give way—and I mustn't do that now."

"When did you hear?"

"Last night—we were in the office, Herr Bauer and I. We heard a shot. We went to the door. Then Bauer took me to the stairs. 'Better go on up,' he said. I started. Then the door of Fräulein's apartment opened. They dragged out a man who was half walking. I looked down and I saw. Father saw me too. But he didn't speak, and the one thing left in his eyes was 'Say nothing but do everything.' I went up the stairs—and I have waited for you."

She hadn't asked the question, but he understood.

(*Continued on page 51*)

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I saw the Blitzkrieg

Again Liberty's correspondent faces death under fire and finds the Nazis' vaunted war tactics can be licked

Cairo (by cable):

☆ FOR a change everything was quiet in Tobruk. The afternoon sun beat down on the few white stucco buildings still standing and sent shimmering heat waves dancing up and down the bomb-pocked streets. The familiar rumble of artillery from the desert had ceased. Even the inevitable vultures were having a siesta, perched on the heaps of rubble, and were undisturbed by the passing of an occasional truck on its way to the front.

At headquarters we sagged in our chairs and fought with the flies for the privilege of sharing the shade. But it was much too hot for war—even with insects. I remembered how, three months before, we had sat around a headquarters tent outside the defenses of Tobruk thinking the same thing. Then the Italians had been inside and we had surrounded them. Now we were inside and the infantry divisions encircling us were Italian, while the armored divisions and air force were German. There was every indication they intended to launch an attack at any moment.

The day before, German planes had hopefully showered leaflets down on the troops. "Proclamation: The General Officer commanding German forces in Libya hereby requests that British troops occupying Tobruk surrender their arms. Single soldiers waving white handkerchiefs will not be fired upon. Strong German forces have already surrounded Tobruk. It is useless to try and escape. Our dive bombers are awaiting your ships which are lying in the harbor."

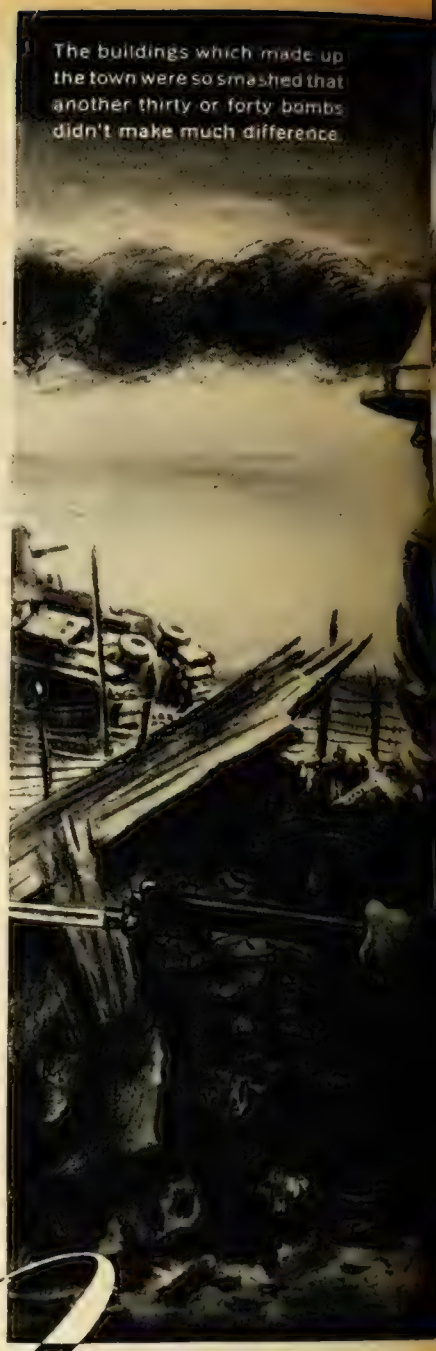
But the general who took Tobruk this time would have to do a lot more than merely "request." In the first Battle of Tobruk the Australians had pierced and captured the continuous line of defenses which run in a semicircle from the shores of the Mediterranean around the town and back to the sea again. Now the Australians were holding the same positions. Many of the R. A. F. pilots who had taken part in the bombing and ground strafing of Tobruk were now busy tackling the German bombers which were doing the same to us. That morning we had already had the usual three dive-bombing raids, and the score for the day so far was four of the enemy shot down to one British. But for the moment the sky was clear of planes.

Only in the harbor was there movement. There tiny launches were plying back and forth loading wounded onto a hospital ship which lay at anchor outside the boom. Her glistening white sides and huge red crosses made a brilliant contrast to the deep blue of the sea. Under large awnings on her decks the sick and wounded were being tended by doctors and nurses. She seemed to be the only cool and civilized object in a sandy and cockeyed world.

Soon from across the harbor came the roar of a flight of Hurricanes warming up. As the first one took off, its propellers sent a miniature sandstorm sweeping over the airdrome, blotting the others from sight.

"Well, that means the blitz boys are probably on their way over to pay us another visit," some one said; and in a few minutes the sirens started wailing. We reached for our tin hats and went out to the slit trench.

The Hurricanes were still climbing into the sun when we spotted the first wave of enemy planes— Heinkel's coming in to do a spot of high-level bombing before the main attraction, which would be a dive-bombing exhibition by the Junkers 87s. As they turned and twisted to avoid the anti-aircraft fire, their silver wings glittered. White puffs of exploding shells marked their course toward the town. Soon they were almost directly overhead and the bombs were dropping—coming much too close for comfort. We ducked to the bottom of the trench. Finally a series of explosions rocked the earth and sent a shower of dirt and debris pouring down upon us. That was that till the next batch arrived.



The buildings which made up the town were so smashed that another thirty or forty bombs didn't make much difference.

It was difficult to see where the bombs had landed. The 200 buildings which once made up the town were so battered and smashed that another thirty or forty bombs didn't make much visible difference. Only the clouds of dust which hung in the still air over the streets marked the spots where the bombs had exploded.

We waited now for the dive bombers. Somehow there's a morbid fascination in watching them come scream-

Stopped at Tobruk

BY ROBERT LOW

ing down in an absolutely vertical dive—that is, if they aren't being pointed directly at you. The pilot of an 87 has a small window between his feet, just ahead of the rudder bars. When he approaches the target he sets the two diving brakes on the wings, so his speed will not become too great, and adjusts the device which will automatically pull him out of the dive at the height he desires; then he leans forward and rests his head on a leather-covered bar. Sighting through the lower window, he pushes the control stick forward until the nose of the plane is aimed down at the target. Then it's "Hold your hats, boys! Here we go!"

And that was just what was happening about 5,000 feet above the harbor. Twelve 87s, line astern, were coming out of the sun and beginning their long dive down through the antiaircraft fire streaming up from all sides. Meanwhile the Hurricanes were all over the sky, dogfighting with the protective cover of German fighters above the bombers.

At first it looked as if the 87s were going to make one of their usual attacks on the docks and whatever shipping might be moored alongside. Not until they were down to 1,000 feet did we fully realize they were after the hospital ship.

There was no question of it not being a deliberate attack. The ship was anchored more than a mile from the harbor or any other shipping. Her

red crosses were visible from 10,000 feet and much more so from 500, the height at which the first 87 pulled out and dropped its one large bomb.

A tremendous column of water shot up into the air a short distance from the hospital ship. Then another and another, until a solid sheet of water enveloped her. The last 87 in the formation never came out of its dive. Just before pulling out, it flew straight into a burst of antiaircraft fire and hit the water, doing 250 miles or more. In an instant it had disappeared.

Two of the Hurricanes were diving now on the other 87s which were scampering for home. One of the British fighters swept across the beam of an 87, and we could see the white tracer pouring from his eight guns into the bomber pilot's cockpit. The German plane wobbled drunkenly and then spun to the ground. Another forced-landed a short distance away.

The hospital ship was listing badly and clouds of steam were rising from her sides. Launches and small boats carried her wounded ashore again, while a small naval vessel helped her limp into the harbor, where she was beached. None of the bombs had hit her, but some had landed so close that her steel plates had split at the water line. Luckily there had been no further casualties, though some of the wounded were pretty badly shaken.

Later I talked to one of the German pilots. He was in the prisoners' hospital, having injured his leg when he crashed. Fair-haired and slim, he must have spent most of his twenty-two years developing the ferocious expression he wore. When I asked him why he had bombed the hospital ship, he replied that that was the target he had been ordered to bomb.

"But what do you think about it? Why do you suppose you were ordered to do it?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and answered, "It is not my duty to think; but, as those were the orders, there must have been good reason."

A few days later the Tobruk hospital was dive-bombed. I went along to ask him what he thought now. But he had been killed along with fifteen other wounded prisoners and some of the British hospital staff. Their ward had received a direct hit—"for some good reason."

☆ NOT long after the attack on the hospital ship an order came through to man all road blocks. That meant only one thing—German tanks were trying to break through the perimeter. From the town it was impossible to see what was happening. But there was plenty of transport moving on the road now toward the second line of defense. I hopped aboard a munitions truck and rode up to a small fort on top of the escarpment. Beyond this point all traffic was being stopped by a sentry.

"Better not proceed any farther unless absolutely essential. A lot of German tanks have broken through the wire and are running around loose," he said.

I jumped off the truck. This was far enough for me. Three miles across the plateau little clouds of sand were moving about in all directions. Through field glasses they were easily identified as German tanks churning up the desert as they lumbered across a small gap in the antitank defenses and spread out fanwise.

On my right a battery of British field guns, the crew stripped to the waist, was pumping a steady stream of shells into the gap. Every other battery inside the perimeter was in action now, too. As the tanks came through the gap they were being split up into groups by the curtain of fire laid down. Huge geysers of sand sprang up all around them, marking the accuracy of the British gunners. Soon the formations were breaking up and the tanks forced to operate separately.

Meanwhile British tanks and mobile antitank guns were racing across the desert on either flank of the Germans. They would deal with the German tanks once they had passed through the screen of artillery fire, or force them back into it.

☆ THIS was the genuine German blitzkrieg just as advertised—tanks, and now the bombers. Coming toward us from behind the German lines were three formations. It was exactly the same technique as that used in Poland, Holland, Belgium, France. The bombers to wipe out the artillery and heavy opposition to the tanks and demoralize the enemy; the tanks to rush forward, terrorizing the defending troops, cutting lines of communication, and leading the way for an easy advance by the infantry.

The first formation of German planes was almost over the lines. But this time the Hurricanes had the jump on them. Diving out of the sun at 400 miles an hour, they sent one bomber crashing to the ground in flames. The rest broke formation, jettisoned their bombs, and turned back. The others had circled wide and were coming in over the wire. Bombs were beginning to rain down. But the gun crews stood their ground and every battery continued firing.

Some of the German tanks had advanced now almost a mile inside the defenses. From one light antitank position dug in the sand I could see the smoke of a rapid-fire gun blazing at two large thirty-ton tanks about 500 yards away. It didn't take the tanks long to spot the position. They both turned toward it, firing their turret cannons. Swiftly they bore down on the tiny post. Less than 100 yards to go, when a direct hit from one of the cannons silenced the gun. Fifty yards and sandbags, gun, and gun crew were literally blown to bits. The next moment one of the tanks seemed to be lifted right off the ground. It lurched awkwardly on to one side and stayed there. The land mine had done its work well.

Over in another sector of the perimeter some of the lighter and faster British cruiser tanks were riding herd on the heavy German infantry tanks. They were maneuvering to bring the German tanks into the line of fire of the mobile antitank batteries. They feinted and dodged, cannons firing like armored cowboys' guns in a mechanized round-up. It must have been pretty hot work. The thermometer was well above the 100 mark. There was the heat from the motors inside the closed turrets, the exhaust fumes, and the bitter smell of cordite.

But perhaps the most important victory of all was being won by the Australians who held the front-line positions around the gap. Not often before in this war have the troops of any army stayed put when the German tanks succeeded in breaking through the defenses. If you are lying in a shallow trench and see hordes of steel-encased monsters relentlessly bearing down upon you with all guns firing, it takes real courage to remain where you are and let them pass. But that is the only answer to the German type of mechanized warfare. The front-line troops must stay to deal with the enemy infantry and let the artillery and other defenses combat the tanks.

Out by the gap the Australians were still holding their original positions. The German tanks were between them and their own lines. They were being bombed and shelled by the enemy. Even some of the British artillery fire directed at the tanks was landing dangerously close. But they stayed there and took it, just like the Anzacs at Gallipoli. And when an advance column of Italian infantry attempted to come through the gap in the wire they were met with a withering crossfire of machine guns and rifles. The attack, which might have been a walkover, was repulsed before it even really began.

Gradually the clouds of dust and sand began to move back. The German tanks had turned round and were heading for home. Thirty-five had come in through the perimeter—only twenty-three went out again.

☆ LATER in the afternoon I saw the twelve tanks which had been destroyed. Some had been knocked out by antitank guns, others by artillery and land mines. But one appeared to be in perfect condition. I asked an Aussie who was sitting on the turret what had happened.

"If you walk around to the other side you'll see a piece of angle iron stuck in the track. I just lay doggo in my little trench over there till she came right up close. Then I jumped up and ran toward her blind spot and jammed the iron bar between the wheels. Then I shouted to them to come out waving white handkerchiefs, like it says on that paper. But they didn't want to get out. So I crawled around to the back and tossed a hand grenade in through the exhaust hatch. But I'm kind of sorry I did that now," he said.

I asked him why.

"It smashed six bottles of beer they had inside."

THE END

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

My Greatest Inventions

A four-star broadcast by Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle

As another in its series of famous radio broadcasts, which have included Bob Hope, Henry Aldrich, and Fibber McGee and Molly, Liberty presents a collection of humor of one of radio's best known zany comedians, now starring in a hilarious series, Colonel Stoopnagle's Stump Club, on the air on NBC every Tuesday night.

Liberty readers will recognize the touch of genius in the Colonel's many inventions and may, as the Colonel has often suggested, send in any of their own to him, if accompanied by the top torn from any convenient house.

☆ MY biggest fame has come from inventing practical, everyday things which no one else has ever seemed to think were practical, everyday things.

Sometimes people accuse me of inventing just to be funny. That is wrong. I invent to be helpful. My more spectacular successes prove this, and the fact that I haven't patented them and become a millionaire only shows my philanthropy.

Take my sensational Stoop-Turkey. This is for families with lots of relatives, so there will be a drumstick for everybody. I do this with a fowl that has been bred by crossing a turkey with a centipede.

There is also my 8-ball made of glass. If you're going to be behind it you might as well be able to see through it.

When swing music became so popular, I rushed through to completion my special orchestra pit that swings back and forth—for orchestras that are too tired to swing it.

I should also include, for the navy in these perilous times, my Inverted Lighthouse for submarines.

A real favorite of mine is my reversible hair tonic—for growing bald spots. And Slow Binoculars for watching turtle races.

A truly practical invention of mine is one-sided wheat . . . for people who agree that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Available for ten cents and a box top—though usually in demand only in election years—is a special recipe for cooking hats for people who have bet, "If my candidate doesn't win, I'll eat my hat."

On the ornamental side is my Quizie Cuckoo Clock. This was built with radio comedians in mind. When the bird pops out on the hour, it lays an egg. This reminds the comics that it is time to get to work on their next week's script.

Thoroughly indispensable for people who file income-tax returns is my special rubber ceiling: so that when they get mad and hit it, nobody's hurt.

For 1942 I have invented a new kind of calendar, different from any other on the market. It has a special railing around it so people can't slip off on week-ends.

I know you'll want to try my Fourth-of-July cocktail. . . . You're no good after the Fourth. (Ingredients upon request.) And my portable echo, for people who like portable echoes.

In real demand is my pencil with rubber lead. This is designed for authors and editors. It automatically erases mistakes as soon as you make them.

Ready to go on the market next fall when the football season begins is a special field I've invented. It has black lines instead of white ones, for playing football in the snow.

I am also the proud originator of a revolving goldfish bowl for tired fish. The bowl revolves so the fish don't have to swim.

A ladder without any rungs for washing windows in the cellar.

A hookless hook for not hanging up your mother-in-law's picture.

An alarm clock with half a bell—this is so that when two people are rooming together, it just wakes up one of them.

Red, white, and blue starch to keep American flags flying when there isn't any wind.

Cellophane zippers for air pockets.

An airplane that goes straight up and down for sending air-mail letters to people in the same city.

Red, white, blue, and green sleeping tablets so you can dream in technicolor. These tablets also come so that they can be broken in two in case you want to dream a double feature.

Eyeglasses with vertical stripes so that bank tellers can recognize their patrons when they see them on the street.

Cellophane mattresses so that old maids don't have to get out of bed to find out who is underneath.

A sieve without any holes for people who aren't particularly interested in straining anything.

A master keyhole that fits any key.

A lint suit that gets blue serge on it.

And the last one, just invented this week, is my Stoopnagle Tongue-Scraper. It's for when you're trying to remember something and it's right on the tip of your tongue. You just take out the Tongue-Scraper and . . .

THE END

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Ships to America's heart! Do you know what it means to you? This will tell you

Our

BY WALTER KARIG

☆ A FOURTH seacoast for the United States!

Merchant vessels from the Orient and from Europe dropping anchor in the heart of this continent. Cruisers and destroyers sliding from the ways of shipyards in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana, and heading out to sea. Ocean liners casting off from Duluth, Chicago, and Toledo for England, France, or the Holy Land—come days of peace again. Minnesota's grain and Detroit's automobiles loaded directly into the holds of vessels bound nonstop for Rio and Bombay!

That is part of the picture envisioned by the planners of the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes seaway. As soon as Congress says so, Canada's consent being given, the Atlantic seacoast will begin to project itself more than 1,000 miles inland. Canada and the United States have already made the route from Minnesota to northern New York navigable for vessels of ocean-going draft. All that remains to be done is to deepen some rocky shallows between Montreal and Lake Ontario.

A by-product of the development would be electricity—hundreds of thousands of water-generated horsepower to be divided by Canada and the United States and distributed over state-owned transmission lines.

The cost? That little which remains to be done requires the expenditure of $266,000,000, of which the United States would pay $218,000,000 and Canada $48,000,000. It is calculated that Canada has already contributed $130,000,000 toward the international development of the waterway by deepening and widening the Welland Canal and removing rapids in the lower St. Lawrence. Three years after Congress and Parliament give their assent the work can be finished.

There is small objection to the cost in dollars, but for every argument in favor of the project there is a specific objection by its opponents. There has been plenty of time for all the arguments, pro and con, to be marshaled, because the idea is at least seventy years old, and in 1934 a treaty between the United States and Canada for the purpose was supported by a majority in the American Senate but failed to muster the required two-thirds vote.

From Duluth to the ocean, Canadian and American ships have equal rights to the waterway so far as it can now be used. At least there is no question of loss of sovereignty by either country. Consequently the issues presented to the American Congress by President Roosevelt this year provoke no complaint that the United States is surrendering anything to Canada. No; here is an international effort in which all the elements of controversy are domestic and economic.

The great Atlantic seaport cities are opposed because they fear a loss of business. There are the city governments, fearing loss of revenues from docks, piers, and wharfage. There are warehouse owners, harbor pilots, tugboat companies, lighterage firms, trucking concerns, and the financial interests with stakes in these enterprises.

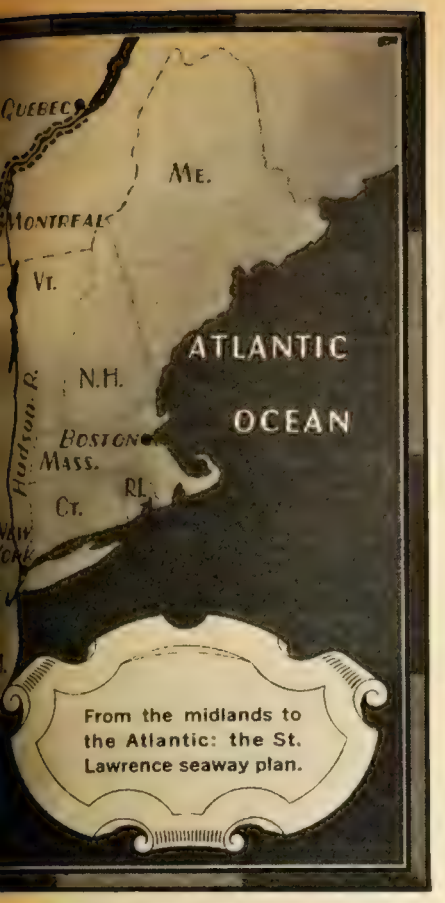
There are, too, the shipyards, which do not propose to lose the business of building ocean-going vessels to fresh-water competitors. That means the managers of these industries, the stockholders, the employees, and the union locals. Likewise the railroads supplying the Eastern seaboard cities are greatly opposed, and again that means management, shareholders, and labor. Much of the railroads' short-haul business has been lost to automobile trucking. Any diversion of long-haul commerce to water-borne carriers means shorter rations, they argue, for them. If this seaway is important to the national defense of Canada and the United States, so and far more so, they contend, are the transcontinental railroad systems of both countries. And power companies fear a huge bloc of hydroelectric power in competition with their existing steam plants.

John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers don't like the idea because Lewis suggested that British ships calling in the nation's interior for grain cargoes would enter ballasted with Welsh coal, which would be dumped in competition with American bituminous.

So runs the opposition, with a rival waterway bringing up the rear, for it has long been a dream of another group to make the Mississippi the great water highway from Canada and the Middle West to the open sea.

The Chicago metropolitan area has been betwixt and between on the issues. Chicago would dearly love to become a seaport; sees itself outstripping New York. However, it has some practical problems in the diversion and consumption of Great Lakes waters, over which it has been in frequent controversy and litigation with other populations on the shores of the lakes.

The water that Chicago sucks out of Lake Michigan—1,500 cubic feet per



From the midlands to the Atlantic: the St. Lawrence seaway plan.

Fourth Sea Coast?

second—is the equivalent of a mighty river, and the Chicago area needs more. Much of that diversion that enters Chicago leaves it in the form of drainage and spent power generation to flow into the Mississippi by way of the Illinois River. Water for the deeper channels and the canal locks that would float ocean-going vessels to Chicago must flow down the St. Lawrence, plainly enough; it cannot be sluiced into the Mississippi. So Chicago saw its growing water needs involved in international red tape. Hitherto Wisconsin has been Chicago's great antagonist on water diversion, but now it appears that the rivals will co-operate on a wholly incidental water-supply scheme which automatically solves Chicago's worries over the St. Lawrence deepening. The Wisconsin Hydroelectric Authority proposes to harness the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers in a flood-control and power-generating scheme. Although they are only a mile and a half apart at one point, the Fox flows into Lake Michigan, the Wisconsin into the Mississippi. The hydroelectric project would redirect into Lake Michigan, via the Fox, water that now flows into the Mississippi from the Wisconsin—as much water as Chicago now uses.

However, the task of making a river run the wrong way becomes only a detail in the greater task, economic and political, of bringing the Atlantic sea lanes deep into North America. Each of the groups in opposition has its spokesmen in Congress—and in the Canadian Parliament, too. Those in the United States Senate managed to defeat the project in 1934, and could probably do so again. That is why the administration has sought adoption of the program by simple Congressional resolution; by law instead of formal treaty; by a majority in both Houses instead of a two-thirds vote in the Senate alone.

President Roosevelt has based his appeal to Congress on the importance of the project to the national defense. If two or three years' work on 100 miles of river will give the United States a fourth seacoast on which to build battleships out of range of enemy bombers, and a closer tie to Canada, there is logic in this appeal of his. But when Mr. Roosevelt first began advocating the St. Lawrence seaway, his argument was for more and cheaper electricity. During the 1932 Presidential campaign he advocated four huge hydroelectric developments to be built under federal auspices and operated under federal control. The first was Boulder Dam, already under construction. The second was the Tennessee Valley project, now almost finished. The Columbia River network based on Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams is completed. The St. Lawrence is the only national power plant bespoken by him on which no progress has been made.

In his mind, the power-generating potentialities of the St. Lawrence must still take precedence over its importance to defense. It will be grinding out electricity long after the war is over.

Naturally, the private utility companies, even though they will distribute the electricity, are not anxious for it. Their argument that the area is already well serviced is disproved by a census of electricity users. Limited and costly electric power has caused a decline in New York State's industries and an exodus of factories and population. The sudden demand of the industrial defense program is taxing the generators' capacities. With the St. Lawrence harnessed, a 25-per-cent reduction in consumer and commercial rates is estimated. But the power companies do not want to put themselves under the thumb of federal control or to risk federal competition, and their cause is certainly not without justice.

To all these objections administration advocates of the project have ample answers. While admitting some temporary hurt to special groups, they claim the mass benefits will far outweigh it. They maintain that the Great Lakes seaway will not be a competitor for the business of railroads and harbors so much as it will be an auxiliary; that there will be enough business to be shared profitably, if there isn't already; that this nation cannot progress if it bases its plans solely on the abnormal present time of war and depression.

"Look ahead!" is the advice. Look ahead to a rehabilitated Europe seeking more and more of the grain and lumber and meat products of this continent's interior, to an advancing commerce with South America, to greater and greater exports of automobiles and machinery. Look ahead to expanding industry using more electric power. All that means more employment, labor is told. It means more business for banks. The Eastern seaports will have all the shipping their harbors can accommodate; the railroads, all the freight they can haul.

For the present, the arguments run, it is more important that a great many persons have cheap electric light and power than that a few have larger dividends on their stock. It is more important that keels of seagoing ships of war and commerce be laid down today in the interior than that coastal yards have work they cannot touch until 1944 or 1945 anyhow. It is more important that the Middle West have a cheaper route to foreign markets than that New York and the railroads leading to it make more money.

Behind all this there is a consideration to which utterance will not be given, but which is in the minds of the government's advocates all the time. By making seaports out of Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, and Toledo, they hope to jar the Middle West out of its chronic isolationism. Let the Middle West build warships and freighters, let it see the flags of European, South American, and Asiatic nations flying from the masts of visiting ships, and the inlanders will gain a new concept of America's place in the world and their own place in America. So reason the statesmen. And yet the greatest opposition to the project comes from the tide-water states which would benefit most by making the interior sea-conscious.

That is just a sample of the confusing elements in the controversy. But if it was logical and economically sound to build the Sault Sainte Marie and Welland Canals, to make the Great Lakes navigable from the western tip of Superior to the eastern end of Ontario, then the St. Lawrence seaway is inevitable.

THE END

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Riding High

☆ IS history repeating itself in America? Is organized labor today following in the footsteps of organized capital of the last century? Is it flouting the wishes of the American people and the welfare of the country as the possessors of economic power did until the American people wearied of them and tamed them?

The labor leaders of today, the C. I. O. in particular, are riding high, but so were the Rockefellers and Morgans and all the trusts in the 1880s and 1890s until the people and Congress rose against them. Riding high is a dangerous adventure in a democracy where the whole people, once aroused, can make their wishes felt and understood even by those in political power.

From the end of the Civil War to the beginning of the World War, the story of this country is an account of fiery battles between the plain people and the vested interests: between those who produced and consumed the goods of this country and predatory individuals who formed combines, mastered the means of transportation, dominated the flow of capital, controlled the political parties, and manipulated the federal and state administrations. These men controlled America, and the people fought them—and in the end the people won.

Such names as John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, Bet-a-Million Gates, and numerous others fill the pages of our economic history. They manipulated the vast raw materials of our land so that they controlled production and wages and prices. They laid out and built our railroads, it is true, but they also wrecked companies in their own stockjobbing interests. They gave rebates to their friends and associates. They tried to kill off honest competition. They drove the independent American citizen to the wall, so that he was forced either to join them or to go out of business. They combined to restrain trade. They lowered prices to put a competitor out of business, and then they raised prices for all that the traffic would bear.

Now, those captains of industry and masterminds of finance were not evil or unpatriotic. Andrew Carnegie, for instance, believed that money was an evil, and his benefactions benefited the entire human race. John D. Rockefeller's ideal was a planned and rational economy, and, viewed from this distance, his services to mankind in the field of business organization were of incalculable benefit. His basic ideal of the vertical organization of production and distribution is the model for the current economy of all modern nations, Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany as well as the United States and Great Britain. In fact, his conception of the process of production and distribution has now been accepted by all the world as progressive. Yet his early methods of achieving his goal disregarded every consideration but his own will and his own power.

It is also clear today that had the American people not revolted, had not such leaders as Samuel Gompers, Eugene V. Debs, Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, Woodrow Wilson, Bob La Follette the elder, and others of their ways of thinking risen to stem the tide, the democratic form of government would have disappeared from American life. For we were moving during the 1880s and 1890s into a plutocracy controlled absolutely by those who headed the trusts. Such political leaders as the Republicans' Senator Foraker of Ohio, Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, and Mark Hanna were fastening this control upon our way of life. And the Democratic Party weakly followed.

The man in the White House who stopped this procession was Theodore Roosevelt. He substituted the general welfare for a craven fear of a powerful group. He refused to follow meekly the vote hunters and vote providers; he went directly to the people and spoke the truth. Writing of his troubles with the coal barons in 1902, he elevated the dignity of the President of the United States by many notches when he said:

"Unfortunately, the strength of my public position before the country is also its weakness. I am genuinely independent of the big monied men in all matters where I think the interests of the public are concerned, and probably I am the first President of recent times of whom this could be truthfully said. . . . But where I do not grant any favors to these big monied men which I do not think the country requires that they should have, it is out of the question for me to expect them to grant favors to me in return. I can make no private or special appeal to them, and I am at my wits' end how to proceed."

He refused to deal in private in a public matter. And his eventual settlement of that famous coal strike established what had never before been accepted as the truth, namely, that in a strike *there are three rather than two parties: that is, the employer, the employees, and the public interest.* When the public interest is ignored to support either capital or labor, the welfare of the entire country is imperiled.

Today, when we witness the spectacle of John Lewis opposing the President of the United States because the President, having accepted a huge campaign contribution from Mr. Lewis' union, did not perform according to his dictates; today, when we realize how certain labor leaders tie up the national defense in order to increase the dues-paying membership of their unions; today, when we note how Mike Quill, Harry Bridges, Joe Curran, and other labor leaders seek to force local government officials and political agencies to abide their will—it is impossible not to recall the time when J. P. Morgan called the President of the United States on the telephone and told him what to do. Today, when we witness the efforts of Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold to get a judicial enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Wagner Act, which the labor leaders flout and violate even more than the employers, it is difficult not to recall the early efforts and failures to limit the frenzied activities of the

Strikers picket the Harvill aircraft die-casting plant and barricade its driveway.

Warning!—Is labor today aping capital's mistakes?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

money barons in state courts and federal courts. Paul Mallon has summarized the present situation in these terse sentences describing Thurman Arnold's fight:

"Local union leaders in both A. F. L. and C. I. O. have refused to abide by Labor Board elections and have called strikes. They have refused to handle goods coming from competitive union workers. They have fixed prices to consumers through their wage demands. They are in effect erecting tariff walls, levying taxes and fixing prices. He [Arnold] has cited hundreds of cases and has filed numerous indictments. There is no dispute about these facts."

And as one faces this picture, and the support which has come to the predatory labor leaders from it, it is impossible not to recall that although the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed in 1890, it was practically a dead letter until the Northern Securities case in 1902. Whereas those money men were on the rampage during the Cleveland and McKinley administrations, there were only two indictments under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law during Cleveland's second term and not one during the McKinley administration. The political power of Mark Hanna combined with the business power of J. P. Morgan kept that law a dead letter until Theodore Roosevelt resurrected it and had twenty-five indictments filed under it, while William Howard Taft, who was a much more competent President than the people of his time believed, had forty-five indictments under this act to his credit.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was as ineffective a measure as the Wagner Act. It was more a statement of principle than a workable law, just as the Wagner Act has already proved itself to be; but it was the only law they had and an honest government would have executed it with integrity, just as today the Wagner Act should be enforced with integrity. In the instance of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the trusts, uniting with politicians, put brakes upon the wheels of good government; so today labor leaders, uniting with politicians, are sacrificing the national welfare and security to their own temporary advantages.

An episode in the career of Theodore Roosevelt recalls the pressures which the current breed of labor leaders exert upon the Department of Labor and the National Labor Relations Board. After the great jurisdictional row between James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman for the control of the Burlington Railroad, these two were brought together by J. P. Morgan into a combine called the Northern Securities Company. The jurisdictional fight was over and the cat had swallowed the canary—that is, Wall Street got the railroad. The interests of the American people were of no concern to any one—only the rights of the lords in their own jurisdictions.

Theodore Roosevelt decided that he would put a stop both to jurisdictional rows among the mighty capitalists and to the rejection of the rights of the American people. He instructed his Attorney General, Philander C. Knox, to smash the Northern Securities Company under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, just as Congress is now seeking new legislation to safeguard the United States against combines of unions and of employers and unions to restrain the trade of the United States, particularly during this crucial period in the national defense.

Mark Sullivan describes the Roosevelt episode:

"Morgan hurried to Washington. 'If we have done anything wrong,' he said to Roosevelt, 'send your man [meaning Attorney General Knox] to my man [naming one of his lawyers] and they can fix it up.' 'That can't be done,' said the President. 'We don't want to fix it up,' added Knox; 'we want to stop it.' Morgan inquired: 'Are you going to attack my other interests, the Steel Trust and the others?' 'Certainly not,' replied the President, 'unless we find out that in any case they have done something we regard as wrong.' As Morgan went away Roosevelt remarked: 'That is a most illuminating illustration of the Wall Street point of view. Mr. Morgan could not help regarding me as a big rival operator who either intended to ruin all his interests or else could be induced to come to an agreement to ruin none.'"

How often, during the past few years, have the labor leaders adopted exactly the same attitude! "Send your man" to see "my man." In that one phrase is the idea that some Americans are a group apart, more powerful than the law. John Lewis in many respects is the counterpart of that J. P. Morgan: forceful, aggressive, direct, honest, idealistic, fearless; yet vindictive, vain, and more concerned with his private interest—the group he represents—than with the country at large. Lewis threatens coal, steel, automobiles, shipping at a moment when the country is desperately preparing for the national defense, just as the elder Morgan continued to form his monopolistic mergers at a moment when the country was wild with rage and, as the New York World then pointed out, on the verge of a social revolution.

In fact, that social revolution did occur and we are its products. And it was not only a social but a political revolution, for it brought on the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the Clayton Act, the direct election of senators, direct primaries in many states, the rewriting of the rules of the House of Representatives, the liberalization of the Democratic Party under the leadership of Bryan and Wilson, the Roosevelt-Taft split and the Bull Moose campaign which aroused the American people to their rights and responsibilities, and many other far-reaching results.

It was a genuine revolt of the masses. It led to an altogether new attitude in government, the attitude that the government must control the economic process in the interest of the people. And this attitude has supported a government expansion until today there are hundreds of government bureaus, commissions, and departments to regulate, curb, and control finance and industry. Disregard for the public weal, predatory usurpation of the control of government, the combination of business and politics forced the government to pursue this course. *Labor today is walking in the same inebriated footsteps that were capital's undoing in another generation.*

When John D. Rockefeller organized the first American trust in the gambling, wildcat oil industry, it represented the application of an orderly and even a socially conscious mind to a fantastically chaotic situation. But when the trusts, by corruption, mastered public policy and the officials who carried it into action, the

(*Continued on page 43*)

Natural History Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

By Roy Chapman Andrews

Director of the American Museum of Natural History; zoologist and famous explorer

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct .....Excellent
30 correct .....Good
25 correct .....Fair
20 correct .....Passing
Under 20 .....Failing

1—Could you use a wake-robin as an alarm clock?

2—What is the difference between a goldfish and a silver fish?

3—Has a giraffe more bones in its neck than a man has?

4—What is the tallest grass in the world?

5—Do Bombay ducks and geoducks have the same kind of feathers?

6—Are ice and steam wet?

7—What is a kitchen midden?

8—Can any bird fly backward?

9—Do trees breathe?

10—Can you name the one active volcano in the United States?

11—How many people can make a meal from one ostrich egg?

12—Does a swordfish use its sword in getting food?

13—Are all sharks man-eaters?

14—Can any fish climb trees?

15—Approximately how many trips would one honeybee have to make to gather material for one pound of honey?

16—What is a Gila monster?

17—Was Eohippus man, bird, or beast?

18—Could you escape by running from the fastest snake known?

19—Does a snake flicker its tongue to frighten you?

20—Did cave men hunt dinosaurs?

21—Do the insects that fill the air with their shrill noises really sing?

22—Do goats really eat tin cans?

23—Name (*a*) a bird that can swim but cannot fly; (*b*) a mammal that flies; (*c*) a fish that can walk.

24—Does dust bring rain and snow?

25—What insects make paper?

26—How are owls' eyes different from those of other birds?

27—Are there many kinds of poisonous snakes in the United States?

28—If you were in an airplane flying at 170 miles an hour, how long would it take to cover the distance between the lowest and the highest land point in the United States?

29—If you waved a red flag in front of a bull, would it attack you?

30—What tree uses the rocket system to scatter its seeds?

31—Which is heavier, the brain of a man or the brain of a woman?

32—Does the common bullfrog ever drink?

33—Why does a dog turn around several times before lying down?

34—What bird holds the world's long-distance flight record?

35—Are termites ants?

36—About how many silkworms does it take to make a pound of raw silk?

37—What is the will-o'-the-wisp?

38—Can you estimate how much water runs over Niagara Falls in one minute?

39—What is the difference between a dormouse and a titmouse?

40—What land animal lives the longest?

(*Answers will be found on page 53*)

Here's how — You Can Make Better Pictures!

BY VIC KEPPLER

Victor Keppler, top-ranking photographer, advises: Avoid too deep shadows...be sure lens is clean...don't let sunlight strike the lens...stop and think before shooting.

1. Lighting. Pictures take on a pleasing 3-dimensional quality when lighted from the side. A white sheet or mirror will reflect light into dark areas for detail.

2. Still life. Simplicity of design is primarily important. Careful lighting aids modeling. Note how tablecloth wrinkles break up mass areas surrounding the subject.

3. Portraits. Subject and background should be related as in this case. Also try to achieve an expression typical of the subject—one that brings out his character.

4. Action. This type of picture requires rapid shutter action and, as a rule, maximum lens opening. With color film, best results are obtained by the use of a flash.

5. Simplicity of color. Here's an extremely pleasing picture with soft blues and grays. A good color photograph does *not* always need the contrast of brilliant colors.

6. Subjects. Familiar, everyday objects can make interesting pictures...no need to roam far afield for material. Careful planning and composition work wonders.

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LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

You Will Come Back

BY COREY FORD

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ YOU are a long way from me, but you will come back. You are with her now, and you have your arm around her, but you will leave her and come back to me again.

It is funny to think of you with your arm around her, and to think it is not around me. Do you remember how you used to pick me up in back of the hotel after I was through work, and you would drive with one hand on the wheel and the other hand around me holding me very tight, and we would go out along the Shore Road to that little place where they sold the fried clams, and the woman had that funny accent we laughed at, and then we would go out a little further to the end of the dunes, and we would stop the car and sit there and watch the sea gulls?

Do you remember the things you said while we were sitting there in the car? Do you remember you told me you loved me, and I asked you if we'd always be like this, just you and me, and you corrected me and said "you and I"? That hurt me a little, because it showed you were educated and I wasn't; but you laughed and kissed me and said it wouldn't make any difference, we'd always love each other, and you'd never leave me. It's funny to think of that now, and to wonder if you are saying the same things to her. Because it will not do you any good saying to her that you will never leave her—because you are going to leave her and come back; you are going to come all the way back across the country—to me.

Do you remember the night we got out of the car and walked along the dunes? The moon was very white that night, and all the little waves had white edges and they ran up the sand and spread out thin and hissed and ran back down the sand, taking the prints of our feet back with them. So many things are going through my mind now that I don't remember all of them, but I remember that night. I remember what you said, and how I felt. Maybe you remember, too.

Maybe you remember one night a little later when I told you what was going to happen. I was frightened, but you were so much more frightened than I was that I forgot to be frightened myself any more. I looked at you, and I think right then was the first time I ever really saw you. You said I should go away till it was over; I should go home to my folks or anywhere just so long as I was away and your family wouldn't find out. You said your father would take you out of college if he ever found out. You said if your mother ever found out it would kill her. It would ruin your whole future, you said. Your father, your mother, your future—you, you, you. Never mind what was going to happen to my future. Never mind the things you used to say to me when we would sit there in the car and look at the sea gulls.

So I gave up my job at the hotel, or rather they asked me to leave when they found out, and I went home. Only they wouldn't have me there, either. You see, my folks are like your folks. Not so much money, of course, but the same about some things. So I went somewhere else for a while, and then I went somewhere else. And once I wrote you, and you sent me some money, and you said to be very careful and not write you again. But I saved your letter. I still have it right here in my hand. Well, sometime about then the thing was finally over with. I went somewhere else, but I didn't stay, because I couldn't get a job. And that was about the time I wrote you another letter, I guess. I had not heard from you for so long, and I thought maybe it was because you were frightened. But that was not why it was.

So then, when I didn't hear from you, I wrote you again. I forget how many times I wrote you, but you never answered any of my letters, and that was why I came here to look for you. I called you on the telephone, but your father answered, so I hung up and didn't say who I was. You see, I still loved you. And then I went for a walk, and that was when I saw you.

Do you remember driving down Franklin Street yesterday in your car? Do you remember how she was sitting beside you, and you had one hand on the wheel and the other was around her holding her very tight? She looked like a nice girl. She looked the way I used to look. It might have been you and me. It might have been you and I, I mean.

Last night I called you again, and this time I got you on the phone. Do you remember what we said? I don't remember—but it is getting hard to remember anything now. There are so many things going through my mind, and they keep going faster and faster, and they wheel and turn in my mind like sea gulls, and I can't even recognize them any more. I think you said you could not come over last night. But this morning you came over. It was just like old times, and you borrowed some ice from the people downstairs and you mixed me a cocktail. And then you said we ought to be sensible. We ought to realize that it was just one of those things, and it never could have worked out, and we never really loved each other anyway and so we ought to just forget each other. And then you told me you were going away. You didn't say she was going with you, but I knew that was why you were going.

That was what made me decide, I guess. She looked like a nice girl, and she looked the way I looked once. That was why I made up my mind. That is why you are going to leave her. That is why you are coming back to me instead.

Do you remember my telling you that I had a headache and asking you to go down to the drugstore for me and get some medicine? You wrote the name down on a slip of paper. It was your own handwriting. You don't remember that. You don't remember the clerk you gave the paper to; but he will remember you.

He will remember you, and the janitor of the building will remember you. He saw you come in, and he saw you go out again. And the people downstairs, they will remember that you borrowed some ice to mix me a cocktail, and they will find the empty medicine bottle, and some of the medicine in the cocktail shaker. They will all remember you, when you come back.

THE END

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TEXACO

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ My beef is: why are the selectees being taken care of so lavishly and the Regular Army practically ignored? I'm not speaking for myself and the other old-timers, rather for the youngsters who enlisted. In my outfit 25 per cent are serving in their first year and 36 per cent slightly into their second year. That accounts for over half. They are all young men, well within the draft age, who decided not to wait and enlisted voluntarily for three years, not one. My boys are entitled to and would enjoy the same good entertainment and recreation as the one-year men are getting. I believe that all of us, Regular Army, National Guard, and selectees, should be treated alike in this regard. How do you feel about it?

Sgt. E. S. L., March Field, Calif.

Certainly agree with you. Within a short time I feel sure that it will be "all share and share alike" and the Army is rapidly working toward that end. Meanwhile, I know the regulars can take it.

Can a soldier be compelled to send any part of his pay to his mother who is on relief? I have enough to live on. Thanks.

Mother, Auburn, N. Y.

I'm not sure that I understand your question, but it may help you to know that an enlisted man is not *compelled* to make any allotment of his pay, even to a needy dependent. He may voluntarily authorize deductions for such a purpose, or for insurance, laundry, amusements, etc., but there is nothing in Army regulations which makes him do so.

I thought the Army had a standard uniform. Why are garrison belts and garrison caps part of the dress uniform in some posts and not in others? And what about the colored cord on field caps that denotes the wearer's branch of service? I'm tired of being called down on that item, and I think I'll carry a spare cap with no piping, so I can make a quick change whenever some one thinks I'm trying to impersonate an officer.

Pvt. K. B. N., Fort Custer, Mich.

Neither garrison belts nor caps are articles of issue at present; those on hand may be worn for dress at the discretion of the C. O. of the particular post. Last December the War Department authorized the wearing of a "cord of the color of the arm of service" on field caps for enlisted men, so I fail to see why you should be called down, especially since the same order specified distinctive piping for officers' field caps.

I had my twenty-first birthday last February, and since then several people have told me that I am now eligible for the draft and must register. Are they right and has any provision been made for subsequent registration since October 16, 1940?

O. G. N., Burlington, Vt.

Your friends are wrong now . . . but they'll probably be right before the summer is over. Congress will undoubtedly be asked to authorize another registration day for men who have reached twenty-one since last October 16. Probably you've heard some of the many rumors about altering the age limits, and a change may be made, although there is nothing definite as this goes to press.

I thought the Army would use you where you fitted best. I am a linguist, a translator and interpreter of Spanish, and have lived in Central America for fifteen years. So what did they do with me? They put me in the Signal Corps of the Field Artillery. How can I get a transfer so as to make something of my knowledge of Spanish?

Pvt. H. S., Fort Sill, Okla.

I still say that the Army wants to fit every man into the best and proper slot, but there are bound to be some square pegs put into round holes by mistake or for lack of places where peculiar training and ability can be utilized, simply because of the size of the job the Army has undertaken. Why not put in to your C. O. for transfer?

We get out a monthly publication and a number of our subscribers are now in service. Since they are being moved about rather rapidly, we don't know whether those men are receiving their copies. Our paper goes third class and we wonder if other than first-class mail is forwarded throughout the armed services. Any guidance will be appreciated.

W. P. B., Nyack, N. Y.

The New York Post Office tells me that third- as well as first-class mail *is* forwarded to men in service.

What about this rumor that a man who signed up for three years in 1940, but before the draft law went into effect, can get out in one year because he never had a chance to enlist for one year only? Is it true or not?

Pvt. W. T. R., Fort Lewis, Wash.

The answer is *not*. That portion of the Selective Service Act which permits a man to volunteer for one year is not retroactive and there is no change contemplated of which I know.

Looking for the Fort Jackson mess hall where a regimental adult education school was to be held, the young lady teacher leaned out of her car window and asked a soldier standing near by, "Soldier, is this L?" "I beg your pardon, ma'am?" said the startled soldier. "Is this L?" she repeated. "It certainly is, lady," the enlisted man replied.

News and Courier, Charleston, S. C.
(Courtesy of G. C. Birlant.)

"My girl's old man never did like me—and then he was made chairman of the draft board."

the end of the season, and especially in the series, that had given me a lot of brow-wrinkling.

Tommy Regan, our veteran shortstop and captain, had seen his best days. He wouldn't be able to cut the buck all through another year of blistering championship competition; we were going to need a replacement quicker than I'd thought. We had one we'd been bringing along in a Class AA league . . . but was he really ready?

I looked at Joey Myers. "Is this Stan Kovich really ready?"

Joey had eagle-eyed him since he'd discovered him three years ago playing for a coal-mining town team. "He's ready," said Joey.

I sat looking at Joey a long time. "O. K.," I finally said.

So we made a deal where Tommy Regan went to a Coast league team as playing manager, with a swell chance of coming back into big time in a couple years as manager of a club. It was O. K. with Tommy—he knew how his legs were.

Off and on through the winter I thought about Tommy Regan and his replacement, Stan Kovich . . . and now and then I thought about Duke Hanlon. Duke had been Tommy's roommate for seven years. Duke was a swell pitcher, but when things didn't go right he showed it. Maybe he was a little too big and handsome—and knew it. Some day, when he forgot all about it—if he ever did—he'd become the supreme pitcher he could be.

I also thought about Gwen Hanlon and Tommy Regan's wife, Alice. Alice had been Gwen's closest friend. Yeah, and Alice had been liked by all the other wives of the married players. Which was a rarity—and which meant a lot. You ask me how it meant a lot? Wait till you've run a ball club. Not all the things that make or break a ball team happen on the ball field. More than one championship has been won or lost—more than one great ball club has been made or broken—by what happens in the wives' box at the park or over a game of bridge later.

☆ AND now, here in the lobby of the hotel at training camp, Duke and Gwen Hanlon were meeting Stan and Mary Kovich—and it didn't take a mind reader to tell how Duke and Gwen were feeling about it. As soon as that introduction was over and they'd given me their hard looks, they said, "Well, we've got to be getting along," and they went to the desk and got their room key.

"Have you known Stan long?" I said to Mary Kovich.

"We went to the same school," she said.

Stan Kovich looked up from signing the register. "But we really didn't know each other until after the accident."

"Accident?" I said.

"The mine accident. I was working in a coal mine four years ago—I was brought up to be a coal miner—and there was a cave-in. It was a pretty bad one, but they managed to get me out with some of the others. I had a head injury and a broken leg. Mary was learning to be a nurse at the hospital and she pulled me through."

Mary Kovich shook her head. "Oh, no, I didn't! The doctors did that. I was just one of the nurses."

"She pulled me through," said Stan Kovich stoutly, and his eyes were alight. "She pulled a lot of the fellows through! There was nobody like her. Then, when I got well, I decided I'd had enough working underground and began playing baseball. I'd always played it . . . what few chances I'd ever had at playing. And Mary and I got to going together more and more."

"But you didn't get up the nerve to marry her until last week?" And I smiled at him.

"I wanted to make sure first I could support a wife playing ball," he said seriously.

"Well," I said to Mary, "I'm glad to know we've got a nurse with the club. When the team starts getting one of its sinking spells we may be needing you."

She smiled at me. "I'll do the best I can!"

Stan Kovich nodded toward their luggage by the desk. He grinned. "She's brought her nurse's medical bag along. Darned if I don't think she sleeps with that bag under her pillow!"

☆ STAN KOVICH made the grade at shortstop.

In his uniform he looked even shorter, more thickset and bowlegged than in his street clothes. Standing out there at shortstop, he looked like somebody who couldn't get out of his own way. When a ball was hit in that direction, he went after it in a galloping, scrabbling, crablike manner, and you'd think he was never going to get it. But he got it. He got balls that were headed for left field; he got balls over second base

Whenever those scoop-shovel hands of his clamped onto a ball, that ball stayed clamped, along with the infield dirt and pebbles and grass that he'd grabbed up with it. He had an arm like a great steel spring, and when he whipped the ball to first, the dirt and pebbles and grass trailed out behind the ball like the tail of a comet. Not all of his throws landed in the first baseman's glove. Some of them whizzed by and hit the boards behind first base with a bang like an old-fashioned Fourth. But—and here's the point—the kid never quit trying.

At bat he was the same way. He stood there and swung that big wagon tongue, and he went after everything, and plenty of times he missed, and plenty of times he connected and the hits burned blue smoke past infielders and outfielders.

He was your hungry boy ballplayer making good.

Give me your hungry boys every time. The ones that come from coal mines, as Stan Kovich did, or from farms or any other place where they've had to work hard with their hands. When they get a job whose working hours are from three to five, afternoons, they're going to play their heads off to hold that job.

The rest of the team watched him through that first week, and slowly you could see them agreeing among themselves. The kid had a lot to learn—what rookie hadn't?—but he'd do. Duke Hanlon was the only one who seemed to take it as a personal affair that Tommy Regan wasn't there.

The kid was over the hump.

That's what I thought.

☆ WE were having our first five-inning game, and the teams were changing sides. Stan Kovich came jogging toward the bench from his shortstop position. He grinned at me, went on a couple paces, and then stood looking up into the bleachers. He waved, and I saw Mary Kovich waving back. You could pick her out easily because she had on a bright pink dress and because she was sitting by herself in the bleachers.

Stan Kovich looked at her a long moment, and then his glance went to where a group was sitting together in one of the front rows. They were the wives of the married players, with Gwen Hanlon sitting in the middle of the laughing and talking group.

Stan Kovich went toward the bench, and a strange sort of look was on his face. I didn't think anything of it at the time; but as the innings went by, and he kept glancing up into the bleachers where Mary Kovich sat and then where the others sat, I suddenly got it. He was wishing that Mary was sitting with the others, and she'd been too backward, or whatever you want to call it, to sit with them without being asked. And so she sat alone.

It was a small thing, and yet it could mean a lot to a young fellow who wanted to consider himself and his wife as a part of the crowd.

That evening I spoke to Mike Malley, one of the coaches of the team. Old Mike's the salt of the earth, and he's married. His wife Katy is a little bit of a woman and lively as a cricket.

"Why, sure!" said old Mike when I told him, his broad pan of a face lighting up. "I'll speak to Katy tonight. I should have told her to have an eye out for such things—but I been so busy showing pitchers how to pitch—"

"Sure!" I said.

Next day, when I came out onto the field and glanced up into the bleachers, there sat Mary Kovich beside Katy Malley with the others, and if ever a girl had a happy look on her face it was Mary Kovich.

Stan Kovich came out onto the field . . . peered up into the bleachers . . . and you could see him suddenly puff up with joy.

A couple evenings later I was stroll-

ing through one of the sunrooms of the hotel and saw a group of women playing bridge. Gwen Hanlon was one of them and Katy Malley was another; the other two were also wives of players . . . and a couple other wives were sitting watching. And Mary Kovich was standing watching, her face showing her interest.

Apparently Mary had just joined the group, for I saw Gwen Hanlon turn and look up at her with that slow, sweeping gaze she likes to use, and I heard her say:

"Oh, another addition to our little circle. First it's baseball and now it's bridge. And I suppose you play bridge as well as your husband plays baseball."

Mary Kovich shook her head. "No, I'm afraid I don't. I've only played it a little bit. I've never had much time for it."

"I see," said Gwen Hanlon, and her voice had that drawl she uses when she doesn't like people. "You were probably too busy playing badminton or golf or getting your dog ready for the dog show."

"No," said Mary Kovich, and she flushed a little; "not any of that. I was too busy working or helping do the cooking in our family. It's a big family."

"Atta girl," spoke up Katy Malley. "Maybe you could give Gwen lessons in cooking in exchange for her giving you lessons in bridge."

☆ GWEN HANLON'S eyes went hard. She's got the reputation of not being able to boil water. "Oh," she said, looking at Katy Malley, "so that's the way it is, is it?"

"Yes," said Katy, "if you want it that way."

I kept on strolling. Katy had come to Mary Kovich's rescue, and Katy could handle any situation. But I didn't like it. I didn't like Gwen Hanlon going out of her way to needle Mary Kovich. And there was nothing I could do about it. A man can handle men, but when it comes to women . . .

Training camp went its way. We headed for the home city and the opening day of the season. We were a powerful team and we were set to repeat.

Opening day the ball park was jammed. Duke Hanlon was ready, and we started with him on the mound. As the team took the field I said to rookie Stan Kovich: "It's just an ordinary game. Take it that way."

"Sure," said Stan Kovich, and you could see he was going to try to . . . and you could also see he was wound up like an eight-day clock. As I went back toward the dugout I glanced up at one of the boxes above it—the regular box where the wives of the players sit. All of them were there, with Gwen Hanlon all done up in new spring clothes and looking like a million dollars. And off in one corner of the box was Mary Kovich, her face taut and seeming all eyes. The game began.

Duke took his position on the mound —a fine-looking figure of a pitcher. He went into that slow, easy wind-up of his . . . burned the first one through. Strike! The crowd roared. He pitched again, and the batter went for it. He laid the wood to it and it was streaking to the left of shortstop Stan Kovich.

At the crack of bat on ball, Stan Kovich started running in that galloping, scrabbling, crablike way of his. He didn't look as though he would ever get to the ball. He got to it. He got to it too fast. He cuffed it. He dropped it. He cuffed it again. Then he grabbed it up and threw. It flew wild past the first baseman into the opposing team's dugout, and the runner took second.

Duke Hanlon took off his glove, put hands on hips, and stared at Stan Kovich. He kept on staring. Stan Kovich stood there, and you could see how terrible he felt. He shook his head . . . shook it again . . . went slowly back to his position.

☆ DUKE took the new ball that had been thrown out to him and rubbed it between his hands, and he gripped it as though he wished it was Stan Kovich's head. He was still burned up when he pitched, and it was a fat one. The batter combed it into the stands for a homer. Two runs.

Those were the only runs made off Duke in the game, but they were enough. After that first error Stan Kovich played magnificent ball. He made four put-outs and ten assists; he covered the infield like a tent. He drove in the only run for the team with a screaming double. The stands stood up and howled themselves hoarse at the end of the game.

I was detained a little before reaching the locker room of the clubhouse. When I got there the team was under the showers—all except Duke Hanlon. He was still in uniform. He had hurled his glove into his locker and was walking up and down, kicking over stools and benches, waving his arms and shouting. He was pouring out words. "Last year I pitched my heart out and lost games. Had 'em thrown away! Now it's starting all over again. Only it's worse! Why do I have to have all the lousy luck, all the dumbhead plays? And it's going to keep right on all season! Me pitching my heart out and . . ."

On and on he went. Not once did he mention names . . . and in every word you knew who he meant. The rest of the team were dressing in silence. Stan Kovich's face was a wooden mask. I went on into my room. The only thing to do was let Duke shout.

We won our next five games. We settled down to our regular pace, averaging two out of three—which is pennant-winning ball. I was mighty pleased with the team. And yet . . .

It was like that cloud they tell of in the Bible, which at first was only the size of a man's hand, but which grew until it covered the whole sky. Whenever Duke went in to pitch, you could see Stan Kovich tensing himself, trying to play away over his head so as not to boot one, and, being tense, booting one, and then making marvelous recoveries and coming in to bat and clouting the hide off the ball to try and get those runs back. It was wonderful ballplaying, but it was ragged ballplaying. And Duke would look and look at him, and keep on looking at him.

Duke won his share of games, but when he lost he would stride up and down and rave in the locker room, even though nobody had been to blame for the loss.

Added to this was the other thing. Every now and then coach Mike Malley would chat with me when we got by ourselves. Mike was never one to carry tales—a swell tight-mouthed guy—but now and then he'd drop a word as to what his wife Katy had told him at dinner. And what Katy had told him was the way Gwen Hanlon was taking all this, sitting in the wives' box at the ball park. And she wasn't taking it; she was dishing it out. Not loud, but loud enough for the other people in the box to hear. She was needling the guy out there at shortstop—the guy who was causing her husband to lose games . . . he, Duke Hanlon, one of the greatest pitchers in baseball, one of the highest paid, having his career ruined by a cluck who ought to be back in a coal mine. . . .

☆ TWO or three times Katy Malley told her to pipe down, and for a while she would. And then she'd bust loose again.

"And Mary Kovich sits there and doesn't say a word," Katy Malley had told Mike. "She's one swell kid. And capable! Say"—and Mike looked at me— "you should see the way she can cook. Katy and I have been to dinner three or four times in their little apartment, and I thought I'd need a derrick to get me out of my chair at the end of the meal."

Old Mike bobbed his head up and down at me. "Maybe Mary Kovich don't look like Miss America and don't know one bridge card from another, but you can bet that whenever anything real happens she'll be there!"

Each road trip, Stan Kovich put in his spare time in the hotel writing letters, with that big hand of his gripping a pen and slowly putting down hen tracks on paper. He got a lot of letters in return . . . and each time we came back, Mary Kovich was at the station to meet him.

On Fourth of July we led by three games. We should have been farther out in front. In August we hit our slump. Our lead was wiped out as fast as a guy shooting craps against loaded dice. And we didn't get that lead back. The whole team began to show the effect.

One day I didn't see Mary Kovich at the game. Nor the next day nor the next. Mike Malley gave me the answer. "Mary Kovich's not coming to the ball park any more. If she did, she'd take hold of that Gwen Hanlon and strew the pieces all over the box."

"I sure wish she would," I said.

"Sure!" said Mike Malley. "But she won't . . . and so she's not coming to another game."

I got Stan Kovich aside. He looked like he'd been dragged through a knothole, and his playing was now lousy. "Look," I said. "You're not going to let anything stop you. Things are going to work out. You keep playing in there!"

"Sure!" he said. "Sure!"

Before this, when he said, "Sure," he'd meant it. Now he didn't sound like it.

I played my trump card—the trump card for him and for me. "You don't want to go back to the minors!"

He shook his head. You bet he didn't want to go back . . . and maybe never get another chance in the big leagues . . . and end up as somebody digging coal underground again. And yet—and this is what shocked me—I could see by the look in his eyes that he'd just as soon go back to the minors—go back where he was known, where he and his wife Mary could be with their friends, could have a crowd in at their place eating . . . could do all the things a group of young people would want to do.

"You keep your chin up!" I said to him.

Then I got Duke Hanlon alone. I told him cold turkey. "No more popping off in the locker room. The least yip out of you, and you're benched." Then I looked him between the eyes. "And if you and Gwen want a cut of the World Series money, don't you think she's good-looking enough in the wives' box just to be seen and not heard?"

Duke went wild. I thought he was going to fight, and I hoped he was. But he didn't.

From that day on you didn't hear a peep out of Gwen Hanlon in the wives' box nor Duke in the locker room after a game. He just sat and glowered.

☆ SEPTEMBER came. We were still down in second place, and no matter what we did the team couldn't lift itself. The players were showing the strain—lean, hot-eyed, gaunt-cheeked, ready to snap each other's heads off. We went on the road against the other Eastern teams . . . didn't gain any ground . . . started to make the last Western swing of the season, where our leading opponent was waiting.

It was make or break now—and it looked like break. And it would be back to the minors for Stan Kovich next year. He hadn't been able to get his game right side up again—our utility shortstop was playing in his place.

Something drastic had to be done to try and salvage our chance for the pennant. I did it. Years and years ago Frank Chance did it with the immortal old Cubs when they were ready to crack. He sent for the wives when they were on a trip, and it worked wonders. It took their minds off the game.

When we headed west—two cars

No matter what your game, the hot sun that fills you with pep and vitamins, gives your hair a terrific beating—saps its vitality and vigor—leaves it straw-like, unruly—hard to comb.

Your quick, freshening plunge completes the damage. Drenching waters wash away the last of natural oils—sap your hair of its vigor, its lustre, its natural good looks.

Scorching Sun and Soaking Water rob your Hair of Lustre and Looks!

HELP KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME WITH

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"60-SECOND WORKOUT"!

1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

SOAK UP the summer sun—build up your reserve of vitamins and resistance for the winter ahead! But give your *hair* a chance! Baking summer sun saps its lustre and natural vigor—drenching waters wash away natural oils—leave it parched, brittle, lustreless!

Protect your hair—help keep it healthy and handsome with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"! Massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel that pleasant tingling as circulation increases in your tight, dry, parched scalp. Loose dandruff is routed and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis give your hair a new, rich lustre. Notice how easily your hair responds to your comb and brush . . . how smoothly and neatly it stays in place. And there's no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today. Follow the example of thousands of men who keep their hair a winning asset. Let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" guard your hair against the threat of blazing sun and drenching water—let it help you to healthier, good-looking hair!

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

and more of us on the night streamliner—all the wives of the players were along and at least half a dozen of their kids. Stan and Mary Kovich were in one car, and Duke and Gwen Hanlon were in another, and they had their small boy with them. They called him Duke Junior, and they thought the whole world went right around him. He was a swell little kid, if they'd given him half a chance and hadn't spoiled him. He had a high time running up and down the car aisles; even got into my compartment, where I kind of calmed him down with a bottle of soda pop.

It was a hot, sultry evening. The weather'd been fierce for a week, and now it began to cloud up and then to rain. By the time I turned in it was coming down in buckets.

The next thing I remember, I was telling myself that the roof must have fallen in on the locker room in the ball park. There was a terrific thudding and grinding and shaking. My head and shoulder hit something, and all movement stopped. Then I was awake. It wasn't the locker room in the ball park.

It was the train. Train wreck!

For one instant I thought, Good-by a million dollars' worth of baseball ivory! And then I thought, Women, kids! I swarmed out of the berth—the car was tilted at a crazy angle—groped for shoes and by a miracle found them. I grabbed a coat and battled the compartment door open. Yells and cries were coming from the rest of the car. I struggled along the tilted aisle.

I began to get people out of berths and help them along the aisle. Somehow we emptied the car . . . led some, carried some. I came to the vestibule door . . . saw the last of those in the car being handed down to those standing on the ground. Dawn was just breaking—a wild gray sky, but the rain was over. I swung down. I heard somebody say: "Cloudburst. Softened the roadbed on a curve. We hit it . . . and over we went."

Over was right. The locomotive and the first half dozen cars were lying on their sides in the curving cut. Our car and the next two were halfway tipped over, but the last two cars of the train were somehow still upright and on the rails. Members of the train crew and passengers were swarming over the upturned cars, breaking in windows to get at passengers inside.

☆ SOMEBODY was asking, "Any . . ." I didn't get the rest of it. Somebody answered, "Can't tell yet! Lots injured!"

I ran in the direction of the overturned cars. And then I saw Mary Kovich. She had on a coat over her nightgown; she had on shoes. She carried a black bag. And she was speaking to two men of the train crew.

"I'm a nurse," she said. "I've got my medical bag. How can I help?"

"Thank God you're here!" the men said. "The stewardess is knocked out—and she was our nurse."

Mary Kovich's head lifted. "I'll take charge. Those two cars that are still upright. Get all the injured into them!" Her voice rang. "Get hot water going . . . get towels and sheets for bandages. Hurry!"

She wasn't Mary Kovich of the wives' box in the ball park. She was Mary Kovich, coal-mine nurse.

And then into that turmoil of figures came another figure. She was disheveled; she had on sketchy clothing. She was Gwen Hanlon. Behind her came Duke, carrying a small figure—Duke Junior. There was a cut across the boy's forehead; one of his arms hung oddly.

Gwen Hanlon was crying out, "My boy! My *boy!* And the others. Hundreds of them! They're all . . . they're all . . ."

She clutched at people, struck at them. She was on her way to having high, wide, and handsome hysteria. And in two seconds she could have caused a panic.

Mary Kovich took one look at her, put down her black bag, and caught

her by an arm. "Steady!" commanded Mary Kovich. Gwen Hanlon started to screech. Then Mary Kovich went into action. Her right hand flashed up. Swiftly, methodically, with open palm she struck Gwen Hanlon on one cheek, on the other cheek . . . smack, smack, smack!

Gwen Hanlon's head rocked; color flooded her face; her eyes fluttered, blinked. She looked at Mary Kovich as though seeing her for the first time . . . as though seeing anybody for the first time. She opened her mouth.

Mary Kovich thrust her face up at Gwen Hanlon's, and her face was suddenly white in the gray dawn. "Do you want your boy to live?"

Gwen Hanlon gasped. "Do I want him to . . ."

"All right!" said Mary Kovich. "He's going to! Just as soon as I can I'll get to him and . . . But you've got to help me. I'm relying on you. You—and Mrs. Malley." Kate Malley had just come up, carrying a pile of blankets. "You help Mrs. Malley. Get all the children into one of the rear cars. Look after them!"

Gwen Hanlon gave a little cry and seized half the blankets from Mrs. Malley. "Katy," she said, "tell me what to do!"

It seemed hours later when the rescue train arrived with doctors and nurses. But it wasn't as long as that; it wasn't an hour. The train crew had tapped a wire . . . had gotten a message through in no time. The first doctor of the rescue train came hurrying up. And they told him:

"Not a single fatality. Twenty injured. Some severe cuts . . . contusions . . . some broken limbs. But if it hadn't been for this girl—if it hadn't been for Mrs. Mary Kovich . . ."

Mary Kovich smiled up at the doctor. "It was . . . it was simply my profession," said Mary Kovich. And then she turned to a grimed Stan Kovich, who'd come up from where he'd been stoking a big fire made of fence rails and posts. She put out her hands, swayed against him. "Stan!" she said, and she was now chalk white. "Dear! Hold me up. I think . . . some of my ribs are broken."

☆ A COUPLE days later we were in the ball park of our most bitter rival, the league-leading team. By the luck that holds for ballplayers, none of the team had been badly hurt in the wreck . . . a patch of skin off here, a bruise there. We were limping but we were set to go. The ball park was crowded to the rafters—not only to see the team that had come through the wreck, but also to see the first game of the series that would settle the pennant. The manager of the other team said to me as we gave our lineups to the umpire: "Your team all O. K.?"

"All O. K.," I said.

"Then we're going after you!" he said, and he gave a tight, fighting grin.

I gave one back. "Come ahead!" I said.

When we took the field, Duke Hanlon was on the mound for us. It wasn't his turn to pitch, but he'd demanded he be given the assignment. The other team started out to comb him . . . but they weren't combing Duke Hanlon that day. He was pitching as I'd hoped some day he'd pitch. He wasn't just a big fine figure out there on the mound. He was a grim, narrow-eyed, fighting pitcher, rifling 'em in, breaking 'em in, putting everything he had into every pitch. And when the team—the creaky-limbed team behind him—made errors, he waved his glove at them and grinned and bore down all the harder.

And the man who was playing shortstop that day—if ever a man covered the short patch, the third-base side of it, and the second-base side of it, and out into left field, it was shortstop Stan Kovich. He played like one possessed. And the look on his face . . . the continuing look on his face! Each time he glanced at the box where the wives of the team sat, that look grew even wider.

In the front row of the box was Mary Kovich. On one side of her sat Kate Malley, her arm through Mary's. On the other side sat Gwen Hanlon, and she had an arm around Mary Kovich's shoulder, close, close.

Yes, sir, I think that was the happiest day of my life!

THE END

The point is: Did Lindbergh recognize that there was a difference?

Or was he himself naïve enough to believe that there was not?

Or did he, perhaps unwittingly, place himself in a position to have the thing happen to him which did happen?

On the answers to these questions—since those answers must stem from deep-down qualities inherent in the Lindbergh mentality and character—depends the answer to the larger question of why our former hero acts the way he does in the situation in which we, the American nation, now find ourselves.

Well, we are agreed, I think, that Lindy was no Flying Fool, no Lucky Lindy, that "Lindbergh became Lindy because he planned everything out. He knew what he was doing and why he was doing it."

We are agreed, too, I take it, after an examination of the facts, that the careful planner developed rapidly, after his first success, into such a careful capitalizer on that success that he found himself while still a very young man a very rich one.

So much of the answer we already know.

The next step is obvious.

What does the newly rich man usually do? He seeks protection for himself and for his riches. Protection against what? Against the common herd, the people who are not as rich as he. And for what purpose? To obtain security. And who has this security? Why, obviously, the select few who are even richer than he. So he turns away from those whom he knew when he was poor, and turns toward those whom he may now know because he is rich.

☆ WE have already seen how thoroughly Lindbergh fulfilled the first part of this evolution. No friend or associate of his pre-Paris career has profited, so far as is known, by his post-Paris fame, influence, wealth. Even his mother, as far as is apparent, has basked only briefly in her son's glory, has played no part in his new way of life.

Now, if we examine the other side of the newly rich Lindbergh picture, we shall see that he turned for protection to new associates among the ultra-rich as naturally as the growing plant turns toward the sun.

First it was the Guggenheims, under whose patronage the newly rich young man placed himself. They were sincerely interested in aviation; they had set aside a huge sum of money, the Daniel Guggenheim Foundation for the Promotion of Aeronautics. Under the sponsorship of the Foundation and the skillful guidance of the famous Rockefeller public relations counsel, Ivy Lee—the Colonel had previously had, in Harry A. Bruno, a most efficient press agent of his own—he made a good-will tour of seventy-five American cities.

At this time Lindbergh had not received any of the airplane people's money but, through his experience with the Guggenheims, he had discovered that it was there. A lot of people, for a lot of different reasons, were willing to pay money or otherwise sponsor good-will tours by air. For example, President Calles of Mexico—sometimes called Dictator Calles or Mexico's Strong Man—invited the then Colonel to make a non-stop flight from Washington, D. C., to Mexico City, where he established contact—for the first time, so far as is known—with a financial empire even greater than the Guggenheims', the House of Morgan.

Dwight Whitney Morrow, former Morgan partner, then United States Ambassador to Mexico, and one of the nicest men who ever lived, was waiting for the Lone Eagle at the end of his 2,100-mile journey.

"Run along, girls! In this port he has a wife!"

From the clutches of thousands of excited Latins Ambassador Morrow extricated the young aviator. In the Embassy, and later in his vast estate at Englewood, New Jersey, Dwight Morrow offered Lindbergh, along with his hospitality, the first experience which Lindbergh had really had since he attained his fame of that feature of protection and security which, at that stage of his career and until his recent sudden excursion into political life, he seemed most to value—*privacy*.

You notice I am leaving the ambassador's daughter out of this.

It is easy for me to believe that Lindbergh or any other upstanding young American would have fallen in love with Anne Morrow, quite regardless of the facts that her father was an ambassador with official guards around him, a Morgan partner with all the power of that most powerful house behind him, and an extremely wealthy man with all the privileges and protections of his class.

The fact that Lindbergh wooed and won and subsequently married the ambassador's lovely daughter has nothing to do with the present analysis, except as it may have chanced to contribute, through increased solidification of his interests with those of the wealthy classes, to an increase of his estimate of the value of the protection and power which he believed that solidification would give him.

What Lindbergh valued in the Morrow and Morgan contacts, quite apart from the personal romance which chanced to develop from them, was that, in the world as it then existed, he might be able, through the good offices of established wealth like theirs, to achieve the maximum amount of protection against a prying and presumably envious world.

☆ KEEP that in mind when you try to analyze the motives which led the self-exiled Lindbergh to ask and receive, a decade later, the same protection, the same privacy from Adolf Hitler, perhaps the only man in the world as it now exists who is able to give it to him.

Let me quote briefly from the news chronicles of his first visit to Nazi Germany in 1936:

"The Colonel had made his usual request for privacy, and for the first time since Lindbergh became a magic name this request had been made to some one who could and would grant it, Hitler.

"At a word from Der Führer it became impossible for any German paper to mention that a borrowed British Gipsy-Moth had taken off from Penshurst, Kent, at 10.15 A. M., with the Colonel at the controls and was about to land him for the first time on German soil.

"As a further precaution, Der Führer permitted Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh to land at fearsome Staaken, the military airfield ten miles from Berlin which an ordinary German civilian would no more think of approaching unbidden than he would think of committing high treason."

Lindbergh's visit to Berlin was, in short, the natural climax of his post-Paris policy of retreat.

His own country hadn't been able to give him the degree of privacy which he had come to believe was his due. So, presto, he had fled to the country which at that time was the most likely to give it to him—England.

But England couldn't give it to him either. For a while, in fact, it looked as if the retreating Colonel and his family had simply jumped from the American frying pan into the British fire. They must have felt that they had done just that when—after a rough and storm-delayed passage—the freighter American Importer drew alongside North Berth No. 2 at Liverpool's Gladstone Dock.

They had been met far out in the open sea by a hundred British news hawks in tugs, speedboats, and airplanes. On the dock and from the windows of near-by buildings telescope cameras caught them as they

were hustled down the gangplank and through long lines of police to their waiting automobile—where more British news hawks waited, crouched over the wheels of their racing cars, to pursue them to their hotel.

This reception was, of course, largely due to the ill-considered manner of the then American hero's departure from his own country. If he had sailed incognito, as countless other famous Americans do, on a regular liner, instead of spectacularly on an obscure freighter, British newsmen might never have discovered him, or even if they had and he had treated them with the same courtesy which they were accustomed to receive from their own public men and from members of the royal family, they would undoubtedly have respected his incognito status.

As it was, the Colonel himself, with his flair for attracting the publicity which he apparently wished to avoid, had spilled the beans, and he and his family landed, as usual, in the middle of the mess.

Once the Lindberghs had hidden themselves away in Harold Nicolson's fine old house, Long Barn, at the Weald, near Sevenoaks in Kent, the British public jolly well forgot about him. He wasn't important to them until he began to offer himself as adviser to His Majesty's government and to make remarks to private individuals and public officials which were likely to influence greatly the policy of his adopted country.

Then the man who had turned his back on the almost universal adulation of his own country's people and press learned what it meant to get really honest criticism from a people and press which felt no obligation of national hero worship.

The Anglo-Saxon world had failed him in his desire to be treated as a creature apart.

In America, since his sudden departure on the American Importer, his prestige had steadily dwindled. In Europe, he had had striking proof of the fact that even if he had been a king in Buckingham Palace, he would not have been able to protect his private life from public gaze! And so, with the doors of Russian hospitality already closed to him, he turned toward Hitler's door—and found it open.

"I've been takin' inventory, pop. We've got 2,345 pieces of coal to start off with next fall."

The world had changed. Mere wealth, even of Morrow and Morgan proportions, could no longer give the rich young man Lindbergh the protection which he had welcomed that day in Mexico City, which he had found in such abundance in the months that followed in the broad acres of "Next Day Hill," the Morrow estate at Englewood. Brute force alone could now give Lindbergh the seclusion from his fellow man which he craved.

Yes, the world had changed—but Lindbergh hadn't. Wherever that seclusion might be found, there was Lindbergh also to be found—knocking at the door.

There were other factors, as we shall see, which led to Lindbergh's acceptance of honors from Göring and other members of Hitler's gang. But I have chosen to emphasize this almost universal desire of the newly rich for protection, security, privacy, because it showed itself so early in the flyer's post-Paris career and has continued so insistently as one of the chief motivating influences of his life, until, I am forced to believe, it is one of the two main motives which led him to act the way he does in his country's present hour of trial.

Just as I have made it clear that his first turning to those who, he hoped, could give it to him occurred quite independently of, and before, his marriage to Anne Morrow, I now call your attention to the fact that it also occurred quite independently of, and years before, that lamentable tragedy of March 1, 1932, to which everything that is unusual in the Lindbergh character and conduct is so often wrongly attributed.

For it is important, if we wish to avoid the bogs of sentimentality in our analysis of this strange young man, that we should realize that the groundwork of his inability to orient himself to the democratic way of life was laid long before Fate—through the tragic instrumentality of a ruthless kidnaping—led him to expose, for our present examination, the second of the two main motives which now rule his life.

What is this second ruling motive, and what events in Lindbergh's life, dispassionately studied, appear to warrant this conclusion concerning it? Next week Mr. Collins will enable you to judge for yourself.

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

formances in New York, she penned an acid satire about Hollywood. What emerges from the Paramount studios, pleasant enough in its way, is something else again. I'm afraid Clare will have trouble recognizing her handiwork.

Originally this presented Hollywood's search for a Southern belle to play Velvet O'Toole in a superfilm. Somehow the idea got around that it was a parody on filmdom's search for a Scarlett O'Hara. Now it's a Broadway search for a Dixie heroine to be starred in a musical comedy. Cindy Lou Bethany has come up from Gawjah to make a place for herself on the stage—but she can't get a break. When she reads of Producer Bert Fisher's widely publicized search for an unknown, she goes back home, plans a new attack, and forces herself over as the "find" of the stage year. Hollywood has been so afraid of hurting feelings that even the gibes at professional Southerners are softened by being done in broad burlesque.

Mary Martin lends charm to Cindy Lou, the gal who has to hunt up her lost Southern accent. In one number she does as discreet a strip tease as has ever been managed cinematically. Don Ameche seems none too happy as the man who puts on the Fisher revues. Miss Boothe originally wrote a newspaper columnist into her comedy; Hollywood has transformed this character into a sharp-tongued song writer. Quiz Kid Oscar Levant does him—and pretty well steals the picture.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY, by Frances Eisenberg.

The title refers to one six-year small fry, Joey, who was a problem child. When some one tried to cure his shyness, then he got stubborn. So it's easy to understand why Joey is the core of this chronicle of family life not very long ago in a Tennessee town. It's in the general classification of My Sister Eileen. Good entertainment.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter.

★★★—A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro.

very form of government, guaranteed by the Constitution, was endangered. Obviously, the dominant public officials of that period, Mark Hanna, Tom Platt, Chauncey M. Depew, Joe Cannon, and their associates, were most concerned with the protection of their business friends, just as today senators and representatives vie with each other to protect what they publicly call the "gains of labor" but privately call the "labor vote."

Even Senator George W. Norris has been warning his friends the labor leaders that if they do not clean house, Congress will place limitations upon them that might prove drastic. And Fiorello LaGuardia, the prolabor mayor of New York, himself a member of the American Labor Party, is seeking to establish by legislative act and by court interpretation the right of the City of New York to protect itself against strikes and against the closed shop on the city-owned transportation system. Undoubtedly he has in mind the dictum of John Santo, secretary-treasurer of the Communist-inspired Transport Workers Union:

"The building of this new union is of the greatest importance to all other trade-unions, as well as to the whole working class. First of all, it is a key industry, without which all other industries would be paralyzed."

And as one reads that, it is not impossible to think of that early device in the trustification of America, the South Improvement Company, by which the early oil operators hoped to paralyze their competitors and to use the railroads as an instrument to their own ends.

Already the labor situation is growing too hot. For instance, although the National Labor Relations Board was for several years an adjunct of the C. I. O., a Congressional investigation under the chairmanship of Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia forced the reorganization of it, the elimination of the Communists from it, and its translation from a political agency of power-seeking labor leaders to a government service in the interest of the workingman. Of course the politicians in Congress have not dared to pass the necessary amendments to the badly constructed Wagner Act, just as the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was permitted to lie dormant because officials dared not enforce it.

Similarly, the needs of national defense have aroused grave concern over the tragic loss of time due to strikes. If such strikes were for better wages and hours and working conditions, they would undoubtedly have aroused public sympathy. But the principal strikes, Allis-Chalmers, Bethlehem, Ford, Harvester, and numerous smaller ones were for organization and jurisdiction—that is, fundamentally, the right of the labor union to collect dues. The labor leaders who selected the very moment when American boys were being drafted and put into camps, when convoying seemed imminent, to fight for the closed shop, misunderstood the temper of their own people. The closed shop does not protect the worker particularly; it is a device to protect the union. And if the workers are so enthusiastic about their union and its leadership, why must drastic devices be designed and employed to force men and women to join and to pay dues? Surely a worker ought to be happy to pay dues to his own organization! Why should the employer be required to collect them by a check-off? Just as the rebate and the kickback have been made criminally illegal, there is a possibility that the closed shop and the check-off will be attacked as a violation of the right of an American citizen to earn a living for his family without being required to pay a fee for that right.

The American people are committed to collective bargaining as they were prepared in those earlier days to support industrial development by a high protective tariff. But they are not committed to the doctrine that any small group of Americans can organize to take advantage of the whole American people. That apparently is as little understood by the John Lewises of today as by the J. P. Morgans of another day.

THE END

"Is this the little flat you promised me?"

GROOM: *No smart cracks, please. What do I do next?*

BRIDE: *I don't know what you do next—but I know what you ought to do pretty soon.*

GROOM: *Switch to Goodrich, I suppose.*

BRIDE: *What a man! I marry him for his looks and he turns out to have brains, too.*

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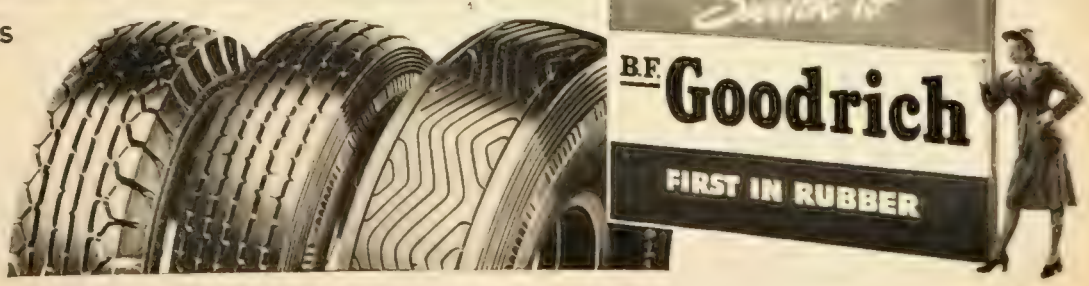

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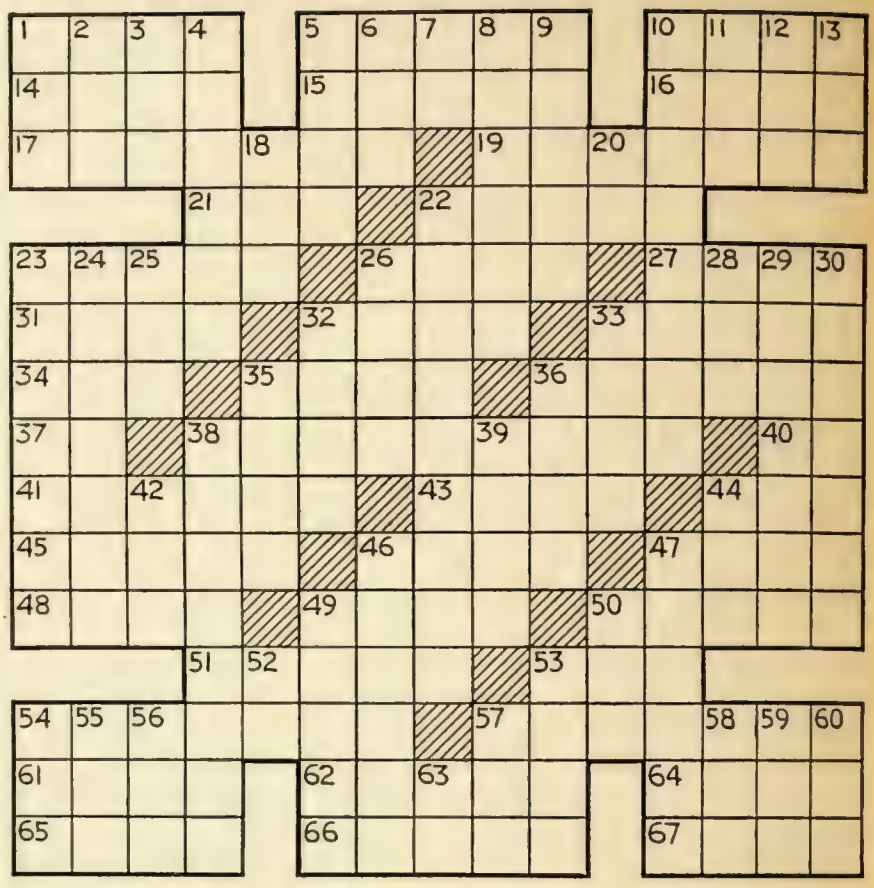
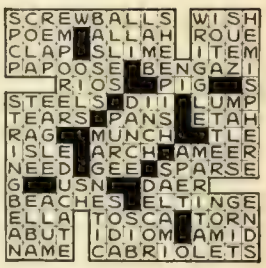


HORIZONTAL

1 Run
5 Part of priestly vestments
10 Highest in quality
14 State positively
15 Title of respect
16 Extent
17 Artery
19 Remainder
21 Performed
22 Had courage
23 Captured
26 Challenge
27 Sacred Egyptian bull
31 Eager
32 Sex
33 Marble
34 Wager
35 Destiny
36 Masticator
37 Conjunction
38 Bet again
40 Egyptian sun god
41 Badgerlike animal (pl.)
43 Small particle
44 Strike smartly
45 Put forth
46 Pack
47 Minute insect
48 Form of shelter
49 Think (archaic)
50 Loses color
51 Rowed
53 Spoil
54 Turned aside
57 Earned
61 Summon officially
62 Spanish title of respect
64 New star
65 Beverage (pl.)
66 Word used figuratively
67 Scrutinized



Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Inspissated sap
2 Egg (pl.)
3 By
4 Eaten away
5 In the midst of
6 Insane
7 Fish
8 Water bottle
9 Variety of corundum
10 Tied up, as a wound
11 Time
12 Japanese coin
13 To make a kind of lace
18 Metal
20 Pronoun
22 Entrusted
23 Stool
24 Medial
25 Outfit
26 Basis for inference
28 Animal's foot
29 Repeat
30 Mexican shawl (pl.)
32 Craw of a bird (pl.)
33 Interjection
35 Kind of cloth
36 Bird
38 Puts back
39 Boys' school in England
42 Number
44 Deliver
46 Implement for sowing
47 Of the sea
49 Take forcefully
50 Distant
52 By
53 Simple
54 Perform
55 Contend with
56 Greek letter
57 Tangled mass
58 Plaything
59 Night preceding an event
60 Parent (colloq.)
63 None

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

after emptying his gun, shouted that he wanted to quit because his gun was empty, Gahagan made his classic remark:

"So's mine—but I'm reloading!"

After that there was only Danny Trumbull left alive. The grapevine had it that Danny was going to leave town, but not until he had sent Mike Gahagan to the morgue.

That was how things stood this sticky July afternoon when Trumbull heisted the Merchants' Trust and killed the special policeman in his getaway.

☆ GAHAGAN parked his car about a block from the address given him by his stool and walked the rest of the way. He looked over the small middle-class apartment building and nodded. A smart hide-out for a double-living guy like Trumbull. The rest of the tenants were probably office workers or clerks.

There was no doorman on duty. Gahagan scanned the mail slots. The stool had said Trumbull was in Suite 307, third-floor right rear. So Gahagan punched all the buttons except 307 until some naïve tenant released the automatic door lock. Then he pushed inside, ignored the elevator, and tramped the three flights.

Outside of 307, he twitched his left shoulder to jounce the holster forward, took his gun in his right hand and his sap in his left. He laid his ear against the panel. Inside he could hear soft footsteps moving about, and the tinkle of glass.

He rapped smartly and braced himself.

Footsteps approached from the inside. Gahagan shifted his weight to one foot and poised the other. His eyes flattened. He watched the knob turn; then, as the door started to open, he kicked it wide and sprang inside.

"Reach!" he snarled—and then blinked.

A little girl stood gaping at him. A little girl with snub nose and freckles and red hair that came forward over her shoulders in pigtails.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

Gahagan was startled. He shot a quick glance around the big room, almost hoping to find a few mobsters to relieve his embarrassment. He was quite alone with the child.

"Did you bring the ice cream?" asked the little girl.

Gahagan put his hands behind his back. "Look, kid," he growled. "Where's your pa?"

"I don't know," she said. "He promised he'd be home early."

Gahagan could smell cooking in the apartment,

"Your mother here?" he asked.

"Momma's dead."

"Who's cooking?"

"I am," said the little girl.

Gahagan didn't know anything about kids. "Look," he said. "What's your name?"

"Penny. I'm eight years old today."

"I mean your last name."

"Hollister."

Gahagan felt relieved. He slipped his gun into his hip pocket and fished out an old photograph of Danny Trumbull. He folded it so the police number wouldn't show and held it for the child to look at.

"Ever see that man?"

"Sure—that's papa!"

Gahagan managed to haul up one corner of his mouth in a half smile.

"Of course it is. When'll he be home?"

"Oh, any minute," Penny assured him. "He went out to get me a present."

Gahagan closed the door. "I guess maybe I'll wait," he grunted.

"You can come out in the kitchen," Penny offered. "I'm going to make supper for papa."

So Gahagan went out into the tiny kitchen. He sat on a stool with his back against the electric refrigerator so he could watch the door of the apartment through the living room.

Penny moved a box over to the sink to stand on, and began to wash dishes.

"What's your name?" she asked, so suddenly it startled him.

He said, "Gahagan."

"I mean your first name."

"Mike."

"Have you got a little girl?"

Gahagan shook his head. "I'm not married," he said.

"Papa says everybody should be married. He says we're going to a nice city where he's going to marry a pretty lady to be a mother to me."

"Well, it's an idea," Gahagan admitted grudgingly.

"Papa won't have no trouble," Penny went on. "He's awfully good-looking."

☆ IT was too warm in the kitchen for Gahagan. He got up. "I guess I'll run along," he barked at the girl, and started for the door.

Penny climbed down off her perch. "Please stay for supper," she coaxed. "Papa'll be here any minute now. Honest, Mike!"

"Maybe I'll be back," Gahagan said, and escaped into the corridor.

He felt like a fool, and he was angry with himself for feeling like that. *"Damned brat!"* he grumbled, tramping down the three flights. But he was glad to be out of the apartment. Better to make the pinch outside, where you had some elbow room for fighting.

He reached the ground floor just as Danny Trumbull was keying his way through the front door.

Trumbull had a key in one hand and a carton of ice cream in the other when Gahagan sprang at him from the dim-lit interior of the lobby. He tried to set himself, for he was a big man—as tall as Gahagan, only slimmer. But, as he dropped the key and reached for his gun, Gahagan hit him along the side of the head with a sap. His knees buckled and the ice cream flew across the lobby. Gahagan caught him by the collar and heaved him out into the street. Before Trumbull could crawl erect, Gahagan handcuffed him.

Now that he had his prisoner, Gahagan was a trifle surprised. He hadn't meant it to turn out this way. Danny Trumbull was a cop-killer. Danny had sworn he'd never be taken alive, and Gahagan had sworn he'd never take him alive. But now that he had Danny Trumbull subdued and shackled, there was nothing else to do save lug him down to headquarters.

☆ HE didn't think about Penny until an hour later, when he was sitting in the District Attorney's office with the prosecutor and the newspapermen. The prosecutor was feeling pretty happy about the whole affair. He had posed for pictures and he was issuing a statement to the effect that Trumbull surely would get the death penalty.

It was Shawhan who jolted Gahagan's memory. He said, "Say, there's a rumor going the rounds that Danny Trumbull has a kid. What do you know about it?"

The prosecutor shrugged and looked at Gahagan.

Gahagan grunted: "What the hell of it?"

Shawhan grinned. "What a yarn it would make! Boy, imagine her picture spread over three columns. Doctor Jekyll-Mr. Hyde stuff!"

Gahagan got up. "You imagine it, you louse!" he snarled at the Tribune man, and stalked out of the room.

Gahagan didn't know much about the gastronomical capacity of an eight-year-old girl, so the soda jerker sold him two quarts of ice cream. When he reached the apartment, Penny opened the door. He saw that she had been crying. He thrust the ice cream at her.

She smiled. "Papa hasn't come yet," she said. "You come on in and eat dinner with me?"

Gahagan took a backward step. "I already et," he said. He saw her eyes well up again, so he said quickly, "But I'm still hungry."

The food was pretty awful. Even Penny admitted it. But Gahagan, who always prided himself on his blunt honesty, perjured himself like a gentleman.

"It's damn good!" he asserted stoutly. Then he said, "Look, kid, haven't . . ."

"Don't call me *kid*," she interrupted him. "Call me Penny."

"O. K. Penny, haven't you got any relatives?"

"Just papa. What do you suppose is keeping him?"

She looked like she might be going to cry, so Gahagan wagged a stumpy finger. "Don't you worry, Penny. Maybe he just met some men. Maybe he'll be busy for a few days. Seems like he said something like that when I seen him last."

"When was that?"

Gahagan glowered at his plate. "Oh, not so long ago."

He watched her run out to the kitchen. *Boy, imagine her picture spread over three columns!* Shawhan had said. *Cop-killer's kid!*

Now look out, Gahagan! he warned himself. *You're a cop, not a chaperon.*

Himself argued back: *Don't be a heel! You can't leave this kid here for the newspapers to crucify. You don't want that on your conscience, Gahagan!*

"Look, Penny," he said. "I don't guess your pa's coming home tonight. Suppose you come downtown with me."

He got her into his car without facing the issue of what he could do with her. That was also typical of Gahagan. He crossed his bridges only when he came to them. Now he was worried. They rode around for a couple of hours until Penny was so sleepy she begged to go to bed. Still Gahagan was baffled. Certainly he couldn't take her to the miserable, hard-boiled hotel where he did his sleeping. If he took her down to Central, they'd shunt her over to the Juvenile Detention Home. Gahagan couldn't go for that—not tonight.

Finally he remembered that Gus Popolopis, who ran the Squareburger Lunch Wagon, had a brood of kids. Maybe Gus could squeeze one more into the fold without comment. Gahagan drove down to the lunch wagon. Popolopis liked to stand in with the cops, and this was the first favor Mike Gahagan had ever asked of him. So Gus took the weary Penny to his flat for the night, and Gahagan escaped to headquarters.

☆ MIKE GAHAGAN worked practically all the time; but the graveyard shift, from midnight to 8 A. M., was his official stint. It was not quite eight the following morning when Gus called him on the phone.

"Gahagan, you seen the papers?" he demanded.

Gahagan said he hadn't. "Then you better see 'em," Gus suggested. "An' then please remove from my place that kid. I can't afford no trouble, Gahagan."

"You sit tight an' keep your mouth shut!" warned Gahagan, hanging up.

The papers were bad news. Danny Trumbull had sent a friend out to look for his child, and he had found her gone. The defense lawyers had then issued a vitriolic statement accusing the police of kidnaping the child for the purpose of intimidating Trumbull. The District Attorney countered with the charge that the defense had cached the child—if in fact it existed at all—to create a lot of cheap sentimentality for the prisoner. The police, the papers announced, were searching for the child.

Gahagan pushed the papers aside and reached for the interoffice phone to call his chief. But as he picked the receiver off the hook he paused. *Go on, Gahagan, call the Old Man and tell him you're holding the kid. They'll bounce her over to that dingy juvenile jail. Go on—what's stopping you? After a quarter of a century as a tough cop, you're not going soft over a snub-nosed, freckle-faced eight-year-old?*

He pushed the phone away and reached for his hat.

☆ THE hills were very green and the long sloping fields were bubbling with yellow flowers and blue flowers, and some of the flowers were red. There were fields of corn and fields of golden wheat that rippled like water in a pool. Penny kept asking questions about what was that growing and was that a cow or what was it? Gahagan piloted his ancient jaloppy down the winding country road, trying to think up answers that would make sense. Finally he gave up.

"Look, Penny. I don't know nothing about the country because I ain't never been in it."

"Why're we in it now, Mike?"

He didn't tell her the exact truth. He said: "I figgered it was a good day to get out of the city."

The man at the service station down by the crossroads had said the farm was somewhere along this road. It was a good district, Gahagan reasoned; it was close enough to the city so he could run out when he had to.

He found it two miles down the road. There was a tiny old stone house with deep-set windows and a slate roof. There was a red barn, a pole fence, a brown-and-white cow, and a cluster of chickens. There was even a houn' dog with tremendous feet and floppy ears. When they got out of the car Penny wrapped her arms around the big pup's neck. Gahagan stepped up onto the porch to talk to the nice old lady who came out, wiping her hands on her apron.

He had his talk and he was anxious to get away; but it was already noon and the lady, whose name was Wallace, insisted he stay for "dinner."

Mike Gahagan hadn't eaten a home-cooked meal in something over twenty years. Nor had he eaten so much food at one time during those twenty years. He didn't like to ask for any bicarbonate of soda right after dinner, but he felt pretty dopey. The sun was hot; yet when Mrs. Wallace suggested that he drive back in the cool of the evening, Gahagan said he couldn't consider it. He had to be at work by eight, he said. However, he stretched out for just a moment on the porch hammock. The next thing he knew, it was seven o'clock in the evening.

Gahagan didn't get back to Central Station House until almost ten o'clock. That was the first time in twenty-four years that he had ever been late for duty. Before he left the farm, Penny had extracted from him a promise that he would return on the morrow. However, as the promise was obtained by duress, Gahagan meant to let it ride.

When his sense of duty began to harass him, Gahagan promised himself that he'd give Penny one week in the country to fatten up. By that time the newspaper stories about her disappearance would lapse and he could turn her over to the authorities without a lot of publicity.

The newspapers kept harping on Danny Trumbull's kid until after the preliminary hearing. Danny's trial was set for a date six weeks away, so the papers dropped the child story, to be revived during the trial.

Gahagan salved his official conscience by keeping busy. He spent most of his spare time running down tips on out-of-town fugitives. Near the latter part of the week he was tailing a St. Louis mobster who led him into a store where they sold women's dresses and stuff. The mobster had no idea he was being tailed; he had come to the store to meet a gorgeous blonde. Gahagan had to hang around while the girl promoted a lot of fancy doodads which the man from St. Louis paid for. Gahagan pinched them when they hit the street.

But after he had booked them at the city jail he got to thinking about the store, so he went back there the next day and let the saleslady sell him an elaborate outfit for Penny. He thoughtlessly told the clerk to send them down to his office at Central when they were ready.

When the uniformed deliveryman from the women's store arrived at police headquarters the next day with a couple of armloads of boxes and asked for Sergeant Michael Gahagan's office, the desk sergeant nearly dislocated an eyebrow.

Eventually the news filtered down to the press room that Sergeant Gahagan, *Mike* Gahagan, toughest of the tough cops, was buying pretties for a woman!

Most of the reporters flatly disbelieved the rumor. Shawhan of the Tribune alone suspended judgment.

"You can't ever tell about guys like Gahagan," he meditated. "The tougher they are the harder they fall. Still and all, I'd like to see the dame who'd go for him."

"I wouldn't," said the Times man, with a shudder.

"We'll pump him when he comes in," said Shawhan.

Gahagan didn't come in. For the second time in a quarter of a century, he took a day off.

☆ GAHAGAN really meant to bring Penny back to the city with him and turn her over to the juvenile authorities. That is, he meant it up to the moment he walked into the kitchen of the farmhouse. Then he began to waver.

She was dressed in a shocking little play suit that left her almost naked. Her skin was white no longer; it was a golden brown. Her red hair was rolled up into a little knot on the top of her head so the sun could work on her neck. She was standing on a chair, ironing her dress. When Gahagan pussy-footed in through the screen door and said, "Hi-ya, Penny!" she let a squeal out of her that nearly scared him to death, and dove into his arms.

Gahagan was startled—he was so startled he blushed.

"Look, kid, you shouldn't do that," he grumbled.

"What's in the bundles?" asked the practical Penny.

The bundles had fallen unnoticed to the floor. Gahagan grinned. "They're some odds and ends for you," he admitted.

She sat on the floor and tore open the packages. The big houn' pup bounded into the room, growled at Gahagan and squatted on the floor beside her. Then she had to try on everything, so he couldn't get a chance to tell her she had to get ready to go back to the city with him. Before she was through with the fashion parade Mrs. Wallace came in.

"Doesn't Penny look wonderful?" she beamed. "Before the summer's over she'll be as brown as a little Indian. Don't you think so?"

Gahagan felt she was taking advantage of him, talking like that.

"Yeah, she looks O. K., I guess," he said.

Penny told him all the things she was learning on the farm. She gave him a formal introduction to the cow. The cow was named Eloise. Penny had learned to iron her own clothes. About that time she noticed Gahagan's baggy old serge suit and offered to press it for him. Gahagan was insulted. Later, when Penny renewed the offer in front of Mrs. Wallace, he was embarrassed. Penny had an unfortunate gift for heckling, and Gahagan didn't know how to shut her off. It ended only when he went into a bedroom, tossed his pants out through the door, and sat sulking in his underwear while Penny pressed his pants.

She did a fair job, and even though the pants had a double crease down the front of each leg, they looked improved.

Gahagan arrived for duty without Penny but with his clothes freshly pressed.

Later the desk sergeant confided to Shawhan: "S'help me, it must be true. About Gahagan and a woman. I had me suspicions when all them female clothes arrived, but when Mike Gahagan gets his suit pressed, it *must* be bad. There ain't been a crease in them pants since he got 'em."

☆ FOUR more trips did Mike Gahagan make to the country to bring Penny back; four more resolutions were broken. Finally he gave up kidding himself. He wasn't ever going to let Penny go to the detention home, if he had to . . . well, yes, if he had to adopt her himself! He broke out in cold sweat at the word *adopt*. But if he had to, he would.

He made some discreet inquiries, and learned that as long as Danny Trumbull was alive he'd have to get Danny's permission. Gahagan did a lot of heavy thinking about that, and decided it might be a good idea to have a talk with Trumbull. Gahagan didn't know that the story of his "romance" had penetrated even the stone walls of the city jail. So, before he quite made up his mind to see Trumbull, Danny Trumbull sent for him.

Trumbull was no fool. He put two and two together and got the truth.

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3-IN-ONE OIL

When Gahagan came into his cell, Danny didn't mince words.

"Gahagan, you got my kid. You're not fooling me, you dirty heel!"

There were no witnesses, so they could be honest with each other.

"I'm not trying to fool you," Gahagan rumbled. "I have."

Danny came very close to Gahagan and looked him in the eye. Gahagan glared back.

"Cop," said Danny, "there's only one thing in this world I care anything about. That's my kid."

"It's funny," Gahagan said, "but I feel the same way. I want to adopt her, Danny!"

Trumbull sat back on his pipe berth as if he had been slugged. Gahagan went on talking: "They're going to hang you, Danny. The papers wanted to make a story out of your kid. I—well, I took her away."

"*Why?*" gasped Danny Trumbull.

Gahagan sighed. "Damned if I know!"

Trumbull sat silent for a long time. Finally he said: "Gahagan, I hate the very ground you walk on. You haven't got a single decent emotion in your beefy carcass. I'd rather see my kid dead than in your paws. You bring her back to me right now, or I'll kill you. That's God's truth, Gahagan!"

"You won't kill anybody," Gahagan said dryly, and went out.

He didn't worry about Danny Trumbull's threats. Danny was safe in jail, and when the floor of the gallows yawned under his feet, that would solve for all time the problem of Danny Trumbull. What he was afraid of was that Danny might tell the District Attorney and the newspapers that Gahagan had his kid. That would make a nasty scandal. Gahagan was a poor liar.

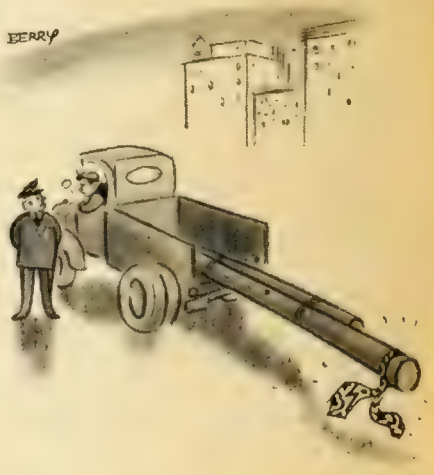
☆ GAHAGAN watched each new edition of the papers; but nearly a week passed and still there were no blaring headlines about Gahagan and the murderer's kid. So Gahagan phoned down to the country that he'd be out the following day. Mrs. Wallace promised she'd pack up a picnic lunch and let Gahagan and Penny have the whole farm for the day. She wanted to go see her married daughter in the next county.

Gahagan hadn't recovered from his embarrassment at having Penny press his suit, so this time he had it well pressed before he left the city. And because he wanted to get away early in the morning, as soon as he got off duty, he wore it pressed to work. The desk sergeant noticed it, and so the story went the rounds that Mike Gahagan was going to visit his girl.

Mike Gahagan didn't have a radio in his own car. He didn't believe in radios, anyhow. Cops had caught plenty crooks before any one heard of radios, and he didn't want some office cop wirelessing him how to handle his cases. So Gahagan didn't have a radio in his car this pleasant autumn morning when he started up country to see Penny, with a knife-edged crease in his trousers and a bundle of presents in the back seat. And because he didn't have a radio there was no way headquarters could notify him that Danny Trumbull had broken jail and was on the loose. Not expecting trouble, Gahagan drove stolidly, wrapped in his thoughts, oblivious to the car that followed at a discreet distance.

Penny was swinging on the farm gate when he drove up. She had a lunch all packed and waiting.

Gahagan reasoned he couldn't go climbing hill and dale with Penny and have his clumsy shoulder holster exposed, so, with certain instinctive misgivings, he took off the holster and gun and locked them in the pocket of his car. Then, with Moron, the hound,



"At last I found a use for that tie the wife gave me for my birthday!"

leading the way to protect them from rabbits and gophers, Gahagan and Penny tramped out through the woods behind the farm.

Gahagan hadn't done much leg work since he had got out of uniform. After an hour of steady going he was only too glad to lie on his back in the cool grass beside a creek and listen to Penny's chatter.

Finally he interrupted her: "Penny, how'd you like to be my little girl?"

"What about my papa? When he comes back, I'll be his little girl, won't I?"

Gahagan munched on the tender end of a stalk. "Yeah, I guess you would." He paused. "Was your daddy good to you, Penny?"

She nodded decisively. "Sometimes he'd wake me up in the middle of the night jus' to kiss me."

"But supposin' he doesn't come back—just supposin', now—*then* would you like to be my little girl?"

Penny smiled. "Oh, he'll come back!" she said confidently.

Gahagan let it go at that.

They trudged back in the late afternoon, with the sun at their backs, and Gahagan was mighty glad to be shed of his coat and heavy gun holster. That is, he was glad until they stepped into the cool semidarkness of the kitchen . . . *and found Danny Trumbull waiting for them.*

Danny was sitting in the shadows behind the stove, a small black automatic pointed directly at Gahagan's broad mid-section. Gahagan didn't see him until it was too late to do anything about it. There was nothing to say, under the circumstances, so Gahagan just stood quiet, waiting for it to happen.

Penny bleated in delight and rushed across the room shouting, "Oh, papa, papa! I knew you'd come back!"

Danny swept her up against him with one arm and turned sideways so the gun stayed on Gahagan.

"Hello, sweetheart," he muttered huskily. Then, to Gahagan: "Sit down!"

Gahagan lowered himself into a kitchen chair. He kept his eyes locked on the other man's. Penny kissed and hugged her father until she noticed the gun.

"Why have you got a gun, papa?"

"Never mind that," Trumbull told her. "There's a car parked down the road behind the apple tree. You go down there and wait for me, Penny."

"But where are we going?"

"Do what I tell you!" he snapped at her.

Gahagan didn't like the look on Trumbull's face. "You better run along like your papa says, Penny," he growled. "Your pa wants to talk with me, I reckon."

"But I want to show papa all the nice things you bought for me, Mike!" she cried.

She squirmed out of her father's arm and, although he tried to stop her, darted out of the room. The two men glared at each other, listening to the patter of her feet on the stairs.

"I promised I'd kill you, Gahagan!" said Danny Trumbull. "I've known for three days where you had Penny. I couldn't break jail till today."

Gahagan grunted. "I should have killed you instead of pinchin' you."

"You had your chance, flatfoot. Why didn't you take it?"

☆ THE big detective sniffed disgustedly. "What are you going to do with the kid, Danny?"

"Get her away from you lousy cops!"

"Well," said Gahagan, after a pause, "I knew you was a murderer an' a rat, Danny. Then Penny got to tellin' me how swell you treated her an' how you always promised to give her a break. That stuff got me sort of thinkin' that maybe I could be wrong—that maybe underneath the rottenness you had a streak of decency. After all, you *are* her father. An' when you didn't blab to the papers that I had her, I thought maybe you did love her. But I wasn't wrong, Danny. You're just a common killer, just a rat."

Trumbull paled. "You told her some swell yarns about me," he sneered.

"No, I didn't. Up to now, she thinks you're pretty swell."

Penny came into the room, dressed in a fluffy organdy dress. The men stopped talking and looked at her.

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"See me, papa! Isn't it pretty? Mike bought it for me. See—it matches my tan. Oh, can't we just live here, papa?" She swung around to Gahagan. "Wouldn't it be all right if papa stayed here, Mike?"

Trumbull said harshly, "Get out to the car, Penny! We've got to get away from here in a hurry. Quick, now!"

Her eyes misted and her chin quivered. "But, papa, we're always moving around some place in a hurry! You promised me some day we would have a house and I could have a dog. I don't want to leave Moron and this nice farm. And if we go far away I won't see Mike any more."

Gahagan kept his eyes on the other man's face. "Your daddy's business keeps him on the jump, Penny," he said softly.

"But I feel so good here!" protested Penny. "I love Moron and Eloise the cow. And Mike says I can go to the school down at the crossroads and play with the other kids. And . . ."

As the child prattled on, Gahagan saw Danny Trumbull's gun drop lower and lower until it was no longer pointed at him. He saw the savagery and hate melt out of Danny's face, to be replaced by frustration and bewilderment. Finally Gahagan interrupted her chatter:

"Penny, run upstairs an' slip on that blue dress for your pa. Comb your hair, too."

As they heard her footsteps mount the stairs, Danny Trumbull said: "She doesn't know, then?"

Gahagan shook his head.

They heard a door slam upstairs. Trumbull wiped his face. "I don't know why I don't kill you! I planned to. Gahagan, I hate your very guts!"

"Maybe for the same reason I didn't kill you, Danny. I just loved that little tyke too much to have you on my conscience."

Trumbull eased out of his corner behind the stove and circled toward the door. "I told you that kid means everything to me," he growled. "We're pulling out."

Gahagan shook his head. "You can't cut it, Danny. You're wanted for several murders. We'll never stop lookin' for you. You'll take that kid through a hell on earth, and when we finally get you, Penny'll pay the price for being a criminal's kid. You don't stand a prayer of getting away with it, Danny."

Trumbull wet his lips. "I'll deal with you, Gahagan! Maybe you can do more for her than I can. You keep her. Let me go."

"I'm a cop, Danny. I can't deal with you. I'll be right behind you when you go out."

"Give me half an hour, cop! For Penny?"

"Half an hour won't get you no place, Danny."

Trumbull's face was very pale. "The way I drive, it will," he said huskily. "I can go a long way in half an hour. Give us both a break, cop."

Gahagan methodically looked at his watch. "Half an hour. Then I'm coming after you, Danny!"

Trumbull glanced toward the stairs; then he jerked around and ran out of the house. Gahagan looked at his watch again before he lit a cigarette.

Penny started to cry when she came in and found her father gone. Gahagan clumsily lifted her onto his knee with a tenderness that surprised them both.

"Penny, your daddy had to go on a long journey. He loves you, but he wants you to be my little girl until some day, maybe, you'll meet him again."

"Where'll I meet him, Mike?"

Gahagan stroked her head. "There's several names for it, Penny."

She cried awhile on his shoulder, and then she fell asleep. Gahagan looked at his watch a couple of times. The half hour was about up when Mrs. Wallace came in and found them sitting there in the darkness.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to be late!" she apologized to Gahagan. "But there was a terrible accident down the road near the bend in the river. A car going awfully fast just shot right off the cliff onto the rocks. There was only one man in it. He's dead."

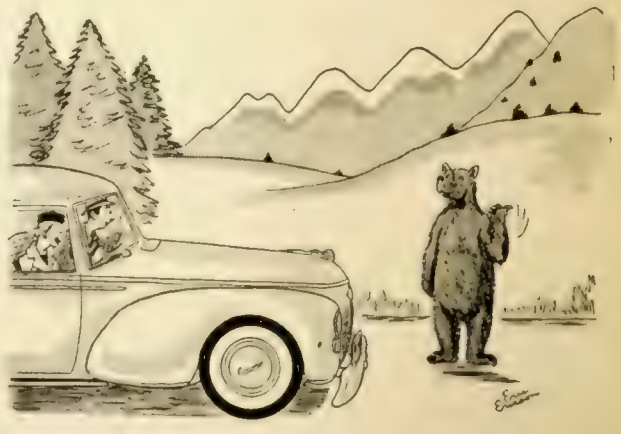
"That's a bad curve," Gahagan said slowly. He lifted Penny up in his arms and started for her room.

Mrs. Wallace chased Moron out of the way and bustled around the kitchen. "Well, dear me, it's a comfort to find Penny safe and happy."

Gahagan sighed. "Yeah. She's safe an' happy—now."

THE END

"We can't be far from Yosemite Valley!"



THE HOUSE ON HARMONY STREET

Continued from Page 23

"No," he said, "I didn't come to my room last night. I finished with her and I went to the Dupons'."

"Without a hat or a coat? You are cold even now."

"I was too angry to be cold. Melanie, you must leave here today as soon as you can. The Dupons are expecting you. You must go and be with them just now."

"And you?" she asked.

"I've orders to leave tonight." Her knowing changed all his planned casual speech with her. "You must go with them to England. I'll meet you there. They understand. They are arranging everything—the forged passes that will take you out of this town and into Ostend—"

"Is there—more news of father? Is he alive?"

"I'll try to find out, but you must go."

"I can't go now, Peter, I can't! I've work to do here—if father can get free—if I can help him—"

"You can help him now only by helping yourself. You must get away from this house today. Fräulein still suspects you. If you are caught trying to help him, it will go worse with him. You can do no more good here. And after tonight I won't be here to watch out for you." He added the clinching argument: "If you stay you will endanger the others who are working with us. You must go to England. You can serve Belgium better there—or in America. They need those who have seen what you have."

☆ SHE stood there, her mind still shocked from the sight of her father, dripping blood through the hall while his eyes gave her their warning message.

"I'll see your father," said Peter. "Promise me you'll go to the Dupons'."

"I'll go," she half whispered, "when you go."

"No, darling, no." He had to make her see it his way. "Listen. This afternoon, somehow, I must see that map in the Steen. I can get in," he assured her; "that won't be hard. After that, I'll get away. But you will be safer going with the Dupons. Pierre has the whole plan. He knows what to do." He saw she didn't care about her own safety now. "It will be safer for both of us if we go separately. We'll meet later."

"Safer for you too?"

"Yes." It was the only way to convince her.

"Find out about father for me—then—"

Hans was watching them from a turn in the hall. Peter spoke hastily, "Try to meet me just after luncheon. Steady, dearest! They mustn't see you're upset."

She managed the ghost of a smile. "Yes, I know. I'll try."

She left him and, when she went into the office, she complained of a headache. "I didn't sleep all night," she said.

Herr Bauer looked at her sympathetically. "My daughter, Tina, sometimes had headaches too. But here in this house I cannot say, 'Go lie down'—there is so much to do, and I could not anyhow."

"I'll be all right," said Melanie, and went to work. It was hard to keep her mind on it. How was her father? What was Peter doing? What should she do? What was best? Nothing had an answer. Peter was determined to go to the Steen. What would happen there? They might telephone Fräulein Doktor, or she might phone them at the time, and then not only father but Peter too— She could not bear to think of it. A plan began to form in Melanie's tired mind. It helped her aching heart a little.

☆ FRÄULEIN DOKTOR and Peter worked over the morning's reports. Practically every one in the House had given up special studies for the time being and was doing something in the scheme of the big push about to start. It was, in fact, already under way as far as the preliminaries went. The night attacks on England were growing steadily more terrific and widespread.

The eminent Fräulein was glowing. "Look!" she cried, as a detailed story of wreckage from bombings came through. "We'll reduce all of England as we have Coventry and Birmingham!"

"There's a little item here," said Peter, "of something the British did to the invasion ports last night. . . . Why is it we've had so little in the way of air raids from them here in Antwerp?"

She gave a contemptuous "Hah!" and said, "They've had all they could do at home and with those sporadic attempts at the Channel district. You note there is very little about what they've been able to do in Germany. Our air force is superior beyond even *our* expectation."

"I note," said Peter. He knew by now that Berlin did not let workers in occupied countries know the extent of the damage done by the Royal Air Force to Germany. He wondered what they would feel if they knew the truth of it. The damage to Channel ports had to be given, for these people were working on them and had to direct action with knowledge. It was a peculiar division of truth in information.

Fräulein studied a note from the teletype. "Soon," she observed, "there will be riots in one or two Balkan states and we shall have to march in with our troops to keep order. Not immediately—but in time." Her tone was sardonic. "*Unser Führer* protects small countries even from themselves."

"And from misguided patriots," said Peter. "By the way, what happened to the battling Belgian who was here last night? I've a question I'd like to ask him."

"You can't ask it now," she replied; "he died this morning of insufficient answers to other questions. He was not good at answering."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" she turned on him. "Why?"

"Sorry he didn't last till I got to him," said Peter. "I thought he might be able to tell not only how Belgian soldiers were recruited but how they got out of the country—through to England."

"All our best methods got nothing from him on that point. But we shall know in a day or two. We let one man go through before Comein brought about the arrest."

Peter had a moment of alarm for Melanie and the Dupons. But perhaps they could make it before the way was blocked.

"I thought Schmidt had just discovered him."

"Schmidt had," said Fräulein; "but Callowaert and I sent another man through before that—he goes all the way and then reports back. We should hear from him any day now. He had been gone long enough for us to let Schmidt go ahead with his plan and so keep him pacified."

"And Comein—what of him? Do you think he will be of more use?"

"Oh, that boy! A traitor to his own country will betray another. After a little time a way will be found for him."

"Good," said Peter. "I'm learning a great deal from you, *mein Fräulein.*" A moment later he said in a hurt tone, "You were angry at me when I wanted to question the Belgian. Why?"

Her eyes softened a little. "It's just that I'm not used to any one's asking questions except myself, I suppose. For a moment I had a strange feeling."

"Only for a moment?" He hoped he looked winning, damn it!

"We must get back to work if we are to have our rest next week, *Liebchen,*" was all that she said. But it seemed he was forgiven.

The teletype began to click. "The direction finder has located the Belgian patriot radio in Zurenborg—can't tell exact spot until further broadcast," he read.

And then more news from afar began spurting through.

☆ IN the office with Bauer, Melanie said, "I can't think with this headache. Forgive me, Herr Bauer, if I am dull today. I'll make up for it tomorrow."

Herr Bauer looked sad. "In our work there is no tomorrow, *mein Kind,* all must be done today—always."

"Yes," she said. "I must be stiffer with myself Perhaps, if I could get some air at noon instead of eating—"

"No, no," he said. "You go into the dining room and eat a little, because it is best, and then you get a quick walk around the block—or maybe to the stationer's store, *hein?* I will send you for— But we need nothing. Well, anyhow, I will send you. My daugh-

ter liked air, too, when she had headaches."

Melanie wondered if he was really a good father and thought of her as a human being, or if he was a very wily man. Anyhow she would risk it.

When she got out, she went to the estaminet of Emil Moon and suggested her plan to him.

"We can try," said Emil, "but not till after dark."

"Dark comes early now," she said. "He must go to the Steen before dinner."

"What time is dinner?"

"Seven thirty. It must be done by six. Dusk is better than darkness sometimes. Anyhow—"

The story of D'Hasque's arrest had run through the town. Every one was indignant. He had been a fine man, a true Belgian. Emil clenched his fist. "If you say it must be done by six—then it must. What Anton D'Hasque's daughter requires today must be done. Have you had news of your father?"

"No; I may when I get back."

"You should not go back now. You should go to the Dupons'."

"I must go back to get the news, and to give *this* news to our ally."

Emil patted her shoulder. "I'm glad you have the British captain," he said. "I think for you he is even more than an ally—yes?" He looked at her face. "Yes," he answered himself. "Then go with God, both of you. We will do our part."

☆ SHE stood on the doorstep of the House on Harmony Street. In her hand was a package. She went through the formality of being admitted. "Herr Bauer sent me to the stationer's," she said. "Didn't he tell you?"

"No," said Hans.

"Well, here is the package."

He let her in, grumbling. She went to her room and took off her wraps. There was a quick tap on her door and Peter came in, closing the door swiftly behind him.

"Peter," she gasped, "this is dangerous in broad daylight!"

"Everything is dangerous now," he answered. "Your father—"

She looked at his face. "Dead," she said, not dodging the word.

He nodded. "He would not answer questions. Melanie, you must leave here at once. You and the Dupons must start. Fräulein knows the radio is somewhere in Zurenborg. They must not use it again. A spy has been sent through the underground. He will report any time now. You must get through before he sends word and the way is closed. If you can get to Ostend, you can count on Van Gastel, regardless of the other route being closed. But you must hurry."

"Did you see father?"

"No—it must have happened early this morning." He put his arms about her. "Darling, we'll come through all this and we'll be together in peace. That is what he has wanted, I know. And I promise you and him that the children will dance and sing freely again in your Place of the Dawn. Now go to Elise Dupon—quickly."

She told him of her visit to Emil Moon and their way of helping him. "The people of Antwerp—the little people—they will do it. You can depend on them."

He kissed her. "How sweet you are—and how tender!"

"I'll go to the Dupons' as soon as that one thing happens. Some one in the House must discover it. I'll do that. It will be a signal for you to leave."

"You should not wait so long."

But she was stubborn. "I'll not go till then. After that—immediately. Father would say I was right."

It was all he could make her promise. He could not stay with her longer. Fräulein was waiting. Soon she would send some one looking for him. This was their good-by.

He kissed her gently—not to make it too much of a farewell. "We'll be together soon, little beloved."

"Soon," she said, and tore herself away abruptly and went to the door. "It's safe now."

He went out and down the stairs. She stood in the room she had hated so and she knew that the two sweetest moments of her life had happened within its hated walls. What strange places love finds to show itself, she thought. And then grief for her father and anxiety for Peter came back again. Her father had warned her to be ready for the time they would no longer see each other. "But when you need me, I shall be with you—always," he had said, and Melanie believed him. Her eyes searched the air of the room and came back to the door. Something within her moved her toward it. "You must go down to Bauer and be careful," that *thinking* within her said. "You must carry through until the bell no longer rings."

She went to the office and gave Bauer the package. "You didn't tell me what to get," she said, "so I got erasers and blotters for all my mistakes this morning."

"How is the headache?" he asked.

"Better," she said, and was surprised that she told the truth.

☆ PETER returned to Fräulein Doktor's apartment. In his pocket there was a note he had prepared in her own peculiar handwriting, as nearly as he could duplicate it, and last night's pass altered to give him entrance to the Steen. He had seen plenty of them issued since he had been working with her so steadily. He thought it would get him through the doors, and the note might get him farther. But this afternoon with Fräulein was important. Everything must be very clear. And, whatever happened, he must wait without tension until the moment came. Then he would know how to take advantage of whatever the situation might be. And he must not think of Melanie. Especially he must not think of her if Fräulein, remembering last night before D'Hasque was arrested, should come near him again. He had startled her this morning. She had said she felt strange to him when she turned on him sharply. There must be no such moment this afternoon. He gave the special ring and was admitted.

Schmidt turned as Peter entered. There was no mistaking the look on his face. He glared at Peter and went out without a word.

It was late afternoon. Fräulein Doktor stopped giving orders. Peter got the last one ready for Dietrich to send. They were up in the wireless room, where they had been for the last two hours. She had talked directly with Schnabel in Lorient. He reported all in readiness. There was still no word from Knoepfler in England.

☆ "BUT that is not bad," she said; "he always lies silent before a major move. Anyhow, Raeder is ready."

"I can't help wondering if what he plans there will work," said Peter. "If a fight starts, you can count on the Irish to make it a good one. They're all likely to have an attack of Erin go bragh at the important moment when they find out just what Raeder's Free Ireland Club means. It isn't what a lot of them are used to."

"Ah, but you forget some of them know, and we also have 'visitors' in Ireland, as in Spain."

"I doubt if the Irish will forget them. And I'm sure the English won't. Mind you," he added, as he saw stormy lights in her eyes, "I'm putting up that picture just to see if there is any more that can be done."

"If there is," said Fräulein, "Raeder and the others there will do it—and those who land."

Peter thought: *if* they land. He still needed to know other details of the plan of procedure. How many planes from Tromsö? And how many to Gibraltar? Well, they were on the map in the Steen and he'd learn from its markings if Melanie had remembered at all accurately.

He and Fräulein Doktor went down to her apartment. They stood looking out of the window.

"It gets dark early now," he said.

"Yes, it's almost six." She seemed to be considering something. Did the woman ever move on impulse, except with a gun? he wondered.

"We've done our part," she said, "now it's up to the military and the air force."

"Don't forget the navy," he answered.

"No—they will be even better than at Scapa Flow."

"It's funny," he remarked. "Somehow, when most people think of the navy, it is of huge battleships—not submarines."

"Then they'd better revise their thinking," she observed. "Anyhow"—she turned, and there was light in her face—"let's forget them all tonight. When dinner is over, come as though to work—"

"Just to keep Herr Schmidt happy?" he said, smiling.

"If Herr Schmidt *is* happy. I doubt it," she laughed, "and tonight I don't

care. Tomorrow there will be last-minute things—and you can't tell what emergencies—"

"That's true," said Peter, and wondered where he'd be tomorrow and what the emergency would be.

"And for a few days after the attack, there will be no rest for either of us—"

"Not likely."

"So tonight, come at nine."

Her wares seemed shoddy—and now he could hardly bear to stand near her. But he tried to seem to play in with her mood.

"Are we to stay home or go out on the town?" he said.

The House phone rang. Peter moved toward it.

"Better let me," said Fräulein.

It was the office. Bauer was there. "Is your telephone all right?" he asked.

"I hear you perfectly," she answered.

"No, no," he said. "Is your outside phone all right? Ours has gone dead. I suggest trying it. I'll wait."

"He says the outside phone is dead." Fräulein turned to Peter. "Try it."

He picked up the receiver of the private phone and also of the general wire. Then he punched the bars up and down. "No click," he answered. He tried a time or two, as one would. Good fellows—Anton's friends. They'd done it! This was Melanie's signal.

☆ FRÄULEIN spoke to Bauer: "Dead here too—both wires." "I was reminded of a call I'd intended to make," he said, "and couldn't get through." Melanie, who had reminded him, listened attentively.

To Fräulein Doktor, Peter said, "I'd better go out and report it."

"Yes—tell them to fix it instantly." Fräulein put the phone back in its cradle and turned off the House communicator. "And find out what caused it," she added.

"The first thing is to get it mended," said Peter. "I'll run along. You can have the whole signal corps up here, if necessary, to carry on till it's fixed." And as a good-by, he added almost jubilantly, "Tonight at nine?"

"Yes," she said. "At nine!"

At nine, thought Peter, the bombardment would start and he hoped not to be near Fräulein Doktor.

He did not stop at the office. There was little time. Also, Melanie should be gone by now. Quickly he went to his room, got his coat and hat, and started down the stairs. Hans was at the door. As he went out, Peter said, "Good evening, Hans."

Hans slammed the door. Peter turned the corner and took the shortest cut for the Steen. He felt the pass and the note in his pocket.

Will Peter be able to get what he wants at the Steen? Will Melanie and the Dupons escape in time? And what of Fräulein Doktor? Does she truly trust Peter, or is she playing a deep and sinister game with him? Next week the story rises to a thrilling climax!

---

40 ANSWERS

by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews to his questions on page 32

1—Not very well, because the wake-robin is a wild flower that belongs to the lily family.

2—The goldfish lives in water; the silver fish, a primitive insect without wings, often makes its home between the leaves of books.

3—No. Both have seven vertebrae in the neck. In the giraffe these are proportionally longer than in a man.

4—Bamboo; it has been known to grow to a height of nearly 100 feet.

5—Neither of them has feathers. The Bombay duck is a small fish that lives in Indian waters, and the geoduck is a large clam that makes its home in the North Pacific.

6—No. Ice is not wet until melted into water; steam is not wet until it condenses into water.

7—Kitchen midden is a term frequently used by archaeologists to denote a refuse heap largely composed of shells, usually kitchen refuse from prehistoric dwellings.

8—The hummingbird can.

9—Yes; trees need oxygen just as animals do, and breathe through special openings in their leaves called stomata.

10—Mt. Lassen, in northern California.

11—The ostrich egg weighs three pounds and is equivalent to eighteen hens' eggs, so it could furnish at least nine people with an ample breakfast.

12—Yes; that's what its sword is for. It rises up in a school of fishes and strikes right and left, killing or stunning its prey.

13—Not unless you happened to be handy at mealtime. Out of dozens of species, only the great white shark is the very dangerous one. Fortunately it is comparatively rare, though widely distributed.

14—Yes. In the coastal waters of North Borneo there is a remarkable little freak of nature called the mudskipper or tree-climbing fish.

15—About 20,000.

16—It is a brightly colored poisonous lizard found near the Gila River in Arizona and in parts of Utah and Nevada. It is the only venomous lizard in the United States.

17—Eohippus was a four-toed horse, about as large as a fox terrier, that lived in what is now western North America at about the beginning of the age of mammals.

18—Yes. One of the fastest, the blue racer, has a cruising speed of only two and a half miles an hour, and the maximum probably does not exceed eight miles. The speed of an average human being on the run is more than twenty miles an hour.

19—No; it is picking up particles in the air carrying odors which its tongue conveys to special organs of smell in the roof of its mouth.

20—No; the dinosaurs disappeared millions of years before the arrival of man.

21—No; their music is invariably instrumental. The grasshopper scrapes rows of tiny pegs on its hind legs against the front wings; katydids "fiddle" by means of a file on the under side of one forewing which they rub over the upper side of the other; crickets chirp in the same way.

22—No; they only gnaw off the labels to get at the glue underneath.

23—(*a*) The penguin can swim but cannot fly; (*b*) the bat is a mammal that flies; (*c*) the flying gurnard is a fish that walks as though on stilts.

24—Yes; raindrops and snowflakes generally need a dust particle to condense upon.

25—Wasps fabricate a kind of paper out of old wood with which to build their nests.

26—Owls' eyes have no movement in the sockets, so that an owl must move its head on the spine to shift its glance.

27—Forty-one, counting all varieties or subspecies—thirty-three rattlesnake, three copperhead, one water moccasin, and four coral.

28—About thirty minutes. The two points, Death Valley, 276 feet below sea level, and Mount Whitney, 14,501 feet above sea level, are both in California and approximately only eighty-five miles apart.

29—It might, but not because the flag was red, for bulls are color-blind.

30—The witch hazel. When they are ripe, the capsules explode and scatter the seeds over quite a distance.

31—A man's; its average weight is 3 pounds 1½ ounces; a woman's 2 pounds 12½ ounces. The average total weight of a woman is less, and when this is allowed for, the sizes and weights of the brains of the two sexes are approximately equal.

32—No; he absorbs water through his skin.

33—Because his ancestors had to do so to trample the grass before lying down. This is the usual reason given. More probably the turning smooths both nest and hair so the dog can rest more comfortably.

34—The arctic tern. It flies from the Arctic to the Antarctic every year, about 11,000 miles.

35—No. Termites, although frequently referred to as white ants, aren't ants at all. Their principal home is in the tropics, but there is one species in the northeastern United States. Before the white men arrived termites lived in old logs or stumps; nowadays they are driven to moving in and doing their feeding on our wooden structures.

36—It requires the work of 3,000 silkworms. Japan's export of 73 million pounds of raw silk in 1935 was the life-work of some 220 billion silkworms.

37—Pale flashes of light seen infrequently over bogs and marshes at night, thought by some to be caused by the spontaneous combustion of methane or marsh gas. Cause very doubtful.

38—Approximately seven million tons.

39—A dormouse is a rodent. A titmouse is a bird.

40—The tortoise. One that lived on the island of Mauritius was accidentally killed after it had reached an age known to be at least 150 years. Some tortoises probably live to be at least 200 years old.

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Liberty's $2,000 Cash Prize HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

THIS week Liberty presents the tenth set of questions in the History of Our Flag Quiz, with three more sets to follow to complete your entry.

If you have been following this contest each week, you know exactly how to proceed with this set. But if you have not yet entered the contest, there is still time and opportunity for you to do so. However, do not delay any longer. First, get together all of your back copies of Liberty and collect the previous sets of questions, or refer to our Late-Entry Opportunity offer elsewhere on this page, which makes it possible for you to get any sets you may have missed. Then read the Rules carefully. From then on it's up to you to "flag" some of the substantial prize money being offered for the best entries received.

Here is a contest from which you will derive pleasure as well as profit and patriotic information. Only those who have already entered know how really intriguing is the study of our beautiful emblem.

We cannot speak too highly of the beautiful Flag Chart described in the adjacent box.

It is not necessary to get one, but if you do, it will save you hours of research, aside from being a valuable addition to the educational equipment of any home or school.

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who have not yet entered this competition but who would like to do so, we have prepared a supply of reprints of the foregoing sets of quiz questions to bring them up to date with the balance of the field. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address given in Rule 8, enclosing 10 cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. In the meantime watch for the next set of quiz questions in next week's issue of Liberty. There will be thirteen sets of questions in all.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 10

The flag of grim combat that once came to wave,
In battle opposing the freeman to slave,
That rose on the summons of Sumter's first shot,
To wave with the purpose that freedom begot,
Give it to full glory wherever 'tis flown,
That seeds of sweet liberty be ever sown.

—Howard Wiswall Bible.

1. How many stars appeared upon the flag of the United States referred to in the above stanza?
2. Should the flag of the United States ever be draped?
3. Upon admission to the Union of a new state, how soon thereafter is another star authorized to appear upon the flag of the United States?
4. How many and which states were admitted to the Union between 1848 and 1861 inclusive?
5. What flag that still flies over North American territory is one of five flags that have flown over the same territory?

Copyright, 1941, Howard W. Bible.

"Don't you smoke?" he asked quietly. There was no insistence; he was speaking conversationally.

"Why, yes." Her voice was louder than normal with relief. "Yes, I smoke."

She took a cigarette, and he lit it for her. She leaned back with a relaxed sensation, but she found herself shaking slightly. Her escape had been too narrow for comfort.

"I should have recognized you immediately." His voice was quiet. "But it took a minute or so before I did."

She sat there helpless, waiting for him to speak, to set the tone for the next phase of their relationship.

"How much of it is true?" he asked easily. She searched his voice, evaluating the intonations for innuendo. But his voice was still bland; he wasn't prodding her.

"How much of it did you read?" she asked cautiously.

He laughed at her. "Don't look so stricken. I'm not going to do anything about it." She was rigid, constrained. His voice went on, lowered and reassuring: "At any rate, I'm on your side, and it's only fair that you give me the party line. I want to know how to defend you. For example, if some one should say about you, 'She is thus and so,' I want to be able to come back with 'I will nail that lie, sir; she is so and thus.' "

She listened to him quietly, her emotions balanced for another word, another sign that he was really sympathetic; that he wasn't laying a trap.

"I'm not kidding," he said. "I don't take this kind of thing lightly. Nobody can talk about a seatmate of mine and get away with it. No, sir! He or she who sits with Dick Stowe sits with a friend. Listen to me, girl." He leaned over toward her and whispered confidentially. "We'll fight the world, and if there are men on Mars, we'll fight them too—that is," he added, "if they're small enough."

☆ JO leaned back, laughing with delicious relief. He wasn't making fun of her, and yet he wasn't shedding tears in pity. He had the healthy attitude that in the long run it wasn't important.

"But, seriously," he went on, "where does the truth stop and newspaper ballyhoo take over? By the way, where are you going?"

"St. Paul." She was on the point of telling him why, but she held back.

"Are you running away?"

"Not exactly." It was amazing how good it felt to be talking to some one who was outside of the whole thing. Here, finally, was some one who didn't make her feel on the defensive.

The last few days had been the most difficult. The social pressures about her in Hickok had finally worn her down, and she was beginning to believe that she actually *had* done something terrible, something to deserve all this fury. Stepping on the bus had been the first release, but talking this way had completed it. To talk freely, without internal constraint, without defiance—this was normal, this was how life should be.

"Running away?" she said again. "It doesn't seem that way to me. I have to go to St. Paul, and it was an excuse to get away without openly admitting defeat. But the truth is, I *was* licked. I couldn't see any way out. In retrospect it all seems kind of crazy, but in Hickok, the crazier a thing is, the more real it is."

There was a contented smile in his eyes. "Now we're getting some place. I can deny, then, that you did it to get into the movies?"

"Oh, by all means. That story was started by an independent producer who told the newspapers that he was turning down my application for a job. I'd never sent one, but it got him newspaper space."

"And this stuff about starting a women's political party isn't to be taken too seriously either, is it?"

"Not unless you want to join one. I don't."

"How did it begin?" he asked, serious again.

"All I did was to give the boy a cigarette. That's what started the whole rumpus."

Talking about it made it seem even more absurd than ever.

"Excuse me," said a polite withdrawing voice behind her. "Would you like a banana? Either of you?"

Jo turned her head. A brown thin-skinned banana seemed to float in the air between her seat and Dick's. It wiggled once, ingratiatingly, and then the hand that held it appeared. The little old lady in the seat behind was smiling at her, her bright shoe-button eyes inviting.

"I have so much fruit," she said, "and the bananas are getting ripe and soft faster than I can eat them."

"Thanks very much," Jo said apologetically; "but I'm not hungry."

"Oh, you *must*, you *must!*" It was the elderly man sitting next to the old lady. "It's the heat that's ripening the fruit and it's a sin to let it go to waste. Isn't it, Ella?"

His wife nodded.

"Fruit is very healthy for young people," she said. The banana with-

"A-ha... it's a Wine Collins"

• Mix your Wine Collins like this: ½ tall glass of your favorite California wine . . . lemon or lime juice . . . ice cubes (and sugar if desired) . . . sparkling water. More wine recipes *free* at the store where you buy your wine. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco

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drew like a flirting eel and became a pear—a big yellow pear with large brown spots which were bruised. "A pear, then," the lady pleaded. "If you don't like bananas, have a pear."

"I'll take the pear," Dick said. "I'll be glad to take it, if the young lady can have the banana back."

The pear was tossed into his hands, and the banana reappeared, flying into Jo's lap like a snuggling puppy.

"But I'm not hungry," Jo insisted.

"Eat," Dick said softly. "They've been gorging me with fruit ever since I got on this bus. They don't rest unless they see you eat."

Just before noon the bus stopped at a long flat filling station with a large number of pumps. Two westbound buses were standing half empty as the passengers ate in the lunchroom.

"Fifteen minutes' rest," the bus driver said.

Dick helped Jo out, and they took a table together. The place was crowded and smelled of food. The talk around them was hurried and nervous. Glancing about her, Jo had the reassuring feeling that this was only a temporary stay for her. The knowledge that she was free to leave was really enjoyable. To travel like that was like fulfilling a dream. Being with Dick was a good omen. A trip that started like this was sure to get better as it went along.

☆ "IF you say that all you did was to give the kid a cigarette," said Dick, "then I can't understand how this whole outrageous rumpus got started at all."

"It's not so hard to explain if you remember that in a small town life has been going on long before you arrived," Jo said. "Since the beginning there have been little frictions and differences which solidify and become even more complicated. When a stranger comes, he is put down in the middle of all this, and without knowing it he becomes a center of new knots, and it isn't until he is helplessly bound up that he realizes what has happened. When I got the job teaching music in the high school two years ago, I was resented, although I didn't know it at the time. Half the town thought that the job should have been given to a local girl. But it wasn't my fault. The agency in Chicago notified me of the vacancy and I applied. When I found out about the local feeling, I thought that in time it would die down, and for all practical purposes it seemed to me that it did. Actually it only became quiescent. It was the man in my life," she said wryly, "young Billy Whitman, who was the innocent fuse who set off the whole works."

"This B. Whitman, I take it, is seventeen?"

Jo smiled. "He told me in all seriousness that he was fifteen, going on sixteen, which made him practically seventeen."

"How long had he been in love with you?"

At the hint of amusement in his voice, Jo turned to him and protested. "Don't make fun of him," she said. "That's what I dislike the most about the whole business. It's normal for an adolescent boy to fall in love with his teacher, and he shouldn't be laughed at. Oh, I could tell by the way he acted in class and the way he looked at me that he was in love with me, but of course I thought that if I treated him like the other students he would get over it. But one afternoon he stayed around and asked to walk home with me."

She stopped for a moment to see whether he was laughing. But he wasn't. He was watching her with measuring interest.

"From that day on, he walked me home most of the time. I didn't like the idea too much, but I didn't dare say anything for fear either of calling attention to it or hurting him. But one afternoon he actually stayed around the side yard of the place where I had a room. Finally he got up enough courage to tell me that he loved me and would I marry him. Well, I didn't laugh. He was so terribly in earnest, so unprotected—his most private feelings stretched out to be trampled on. I explained as well as I could, but he was mortified. He was on the point of tears, and he asked me—oh, so casually—for a cigarette. He explained that he had left his case at home. I knew that he had no case at all, that at the most he would sneak a smoke with the other boys. Most kids do. At any rate, foolish or not, I let him have one just to complete his adult gesture. Then who should come walking past but his mother, looking for him because he was late for dinner."

"Then came the war," Dick remarked.

☆ "VERY big and loud. No explanations were permitted. There was a series of public meetings at which every transgression of the local code was brought up. The high point of the trial was reached when poor Billy, feeling that I had been baited beyond endurance, stood up and tried to defend me. He insulted the entire board and the audience for what he called 'cheapening me.' And right then and there, for the benefit of the public, he again offered to marry me, just to show that he was willing to save me from disgrace. That set the whole thing off again, and at a meeting of the Board of Education, sitting jointly with the Town Council, I was fired as a traducer of youthful morals, an outcast, a pariah, and the rest of it."

"And that's the whole story?" Dick asked.

"That's all, except that the newspapers picked it up and made a national joke of me. A radio program offered me a hundred dollars and expenses to come to New York to give my version of it, but I gave them my version of them. Poor Billy is ashamed to show his face on the street."

"Well," Dick said, paying the check, "you asked for it. You shouldn't have been born, in the first place."

They started out; but just then the elderly couple who had been sitting behind them came past. They exchanged smiles, and the lady put her hand on Jo's arm.

"I have a little advice for you," she said sweetly. There was something endearing about her simplicity, a reassuring interest in Jo's well-being. "I've found that a good wash-up *before* getting on the bus does a lot to make the ride easier. Don't you want to come along with me to the washroom?"

"Oh, thank you," Jo said. "I'll be glad to."

She was really touched. It seemed years since any one had given her a thought.

☆ "YOU'RE the girl with the cigarette, aren't you?" the old woman asked Jo as they walked along the gravel. Cars sped past them on the concrete highway, the tires whining above the prolonged growl of the motor.

"Yes, I am," Jo said quietly.

"I heard you say something to the young man, and then I recognized you. You weren't really carrying on with that young boy, were you?"

"That's ridiculous! He's eight years younger than I am—a child. Did they really hint at that?"

"Hint? My paper used to treat it as a fact. I half expected to see the boy with you. You're not going to meet him later, are you?"

"Of course not!"

"That's what I thought; you're a good girl. Any one can see that."

She hooked her arm through Jo's, then stumbled. Jo felt a yank on her arm, and then the pressure was released as the woman sprawled out on the concrete pavement. They were on a bend, and from around the filling station Jo heard the noise of a car approaching. In the other lane of the two-lane road a small roadster rushed along, and it was obvious that there wouldn't be room for one car to pull out of the way.

Hurriedly she reached down to help the woman to get up; but their feet became entangled, and she lost her balance. As she hit the ground, she was aware of the increasing noise of approach. She saw, miraculously, the woman standing above her, and, simultaneously with the squall of braked tires, felt a sharp furious pain in her head. The pain shot through her body, and she was unable to move.

At the same time, as though hypnotized, she could see the woman's face above her, not too alarmed, not apathetic, but interested, fascinated. The whine of the cars became louder and ended in a cymbal crash as they collided.

Then Dick was helping her to her feet. His white face was strained and frightened.

"Are you all right?" he asked. "Are you hurt?"

The old woman had her arm about her, steadying her, giving her strength. "She tried to save me, the poor child—that's what did it. If I hadn't stumbled . . ."

"I'm all right," Jo said. She could

hear that her voice was quavering. "What happened to the two cars?"

She turned her head slowly, fearing to encounter pain, but there was none. On the other side of the road she saw the automobiles had gone off the road and stood side by side, at right angles to the concrete.

"Nothing serious," Dick said. "They've mixed fenders a bit, but no one's hurt. You're the one I'm worried about."

"There's nothing the matter with me," Jo assured him. "I don't feel as though anything were wrong. I just stumbled and fell, that's all. And then I hit my head."

Dick knelt down and picked up a small sharp-edged stone that was lying on the pavement.

"It must have been this. What a curious place for a stone to be! It's not at all like the ones used on the road shoulders. It looks more like those around the restaurant. But then, I suppose it got kicked over."

The old couple couldn't do enough to thank her and assure themselves that she was all right. They followed her, clucking sympathetically.

Back in the bus, the Independent Millers struck up another song. Their repertory was as limitless as the old lady's bag of fruit. Their favorite song was about the jolly miller who ground out prosperitee.

☆ DICK tried everything to make her more comfortable, but Jo assured him that the pain in her head was subsiding.

"Those poor old people in back think that you're a St. Joan. They'll do anything for you. That makes three friends so far."

"That's nice." She leaned back wearily and rested her head against the cushioned seat. They rode for a while in silence, a pleasant companionable silence.

"Are you stopping off tonight to sleep?" Dick asked. She thought of the few dollars in her bag, and realized that the price of a night's stop was an appreciable drain, especially since she had no idea of what lay in store for her in St. Paul. It was pleasant to think that a pot of gold might be waiting for her.

Her uncle had been a very rich man. She had never seen him. But when the Hickok incident had put her name in so many papers, the executors of his estate had written to her as the sole surviving relative, and that as soon as she could come to St. Paul they would be able to settle the estate. Jo had no idea what to expect, but the expectation itself was an experience. There could be anything from one dollar to a million, but it was wiser to count on what she had in her bag.

"I don't imagine that I'll stop off," she said to Dick. "I'll ride straight through."

Dick smiled in relief.

"I'm glad," he said, "because I want to ride straight through to New York without stopping. If you were to stop over, of course I'd have to; but those

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In a recent test, 424 out of 670 waitresses said that they preferred the fine, distinctive flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

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Enjoy this delightful flavor yourself. Get Beech-Nut Gum in the yellow package. See if you don't prefer it, too!

The yellow package with the red oval . . .

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eight hours would be wasted. Riding at night on a bus has a magic to it."

"I never rode on a bus at night," Jo said, "so I don't know whether I'm susceptible to magic."

"You will be," Dick promised. "It's hard to explain. You ride along with people you never saw before and don't give a damn about. Then it gets dark, and there's no world outside. You lean back in the seat and relax. Suddenly somebody catches your eye. You smile and you're friends. An odd nostalgic feeling comes over you, and you like everybody around you. You suddenly have a busful of friends. Why, do you know," he asked abruptly, "last night I had almost made up my mind to chuck the aviation business and become an Independent Miller? I thought they were a fine bunch of people and I couldn't let them down."

"Well, did you?"

"No." He stared out of the window, laughing quietly to himself. "I fell asleep instead. When I woke up, they were singing again and the spell was broken."

"Are you a flyer?"

"No. I'm an engineer, a designer for the Corbus Company. We build the fastest, most maneuverable planes in the world." There was pride in his voice. "Did you ever hear of the Corbus Gull? In a dive it did well over six hundred miles an hour, and the test pilot pulled her out at 10-g without a strain. It's all in the wing," he confided, to her confusion. "No skeleton or frame. The shearing stress in the metal envelope supports itself."

Jo nodded vaguely. She was one of those people to whom the very sound of anything technical suggests a miasmic gray void.

"It sounds revolutionary, the way you say it," she said. "But it seems to me that if you're going to New York you could arrange to go by plane."

"Oh, that!" He looked at her with amusement. "When I was told that I was being transferred to New York and had to be there in ten days, I went the way I could afford to go. I'll get it back when I get to New York. The firm is continually shifting men back and forth from East to West, and all expenses are paid on arrival. That's to be sure you get there."

The afternoon passed quickly. Darkness came early and carried the rain with it. At six-fifteen the bus stopped again for fifteen minutes. When Jo came out of the washroom, she found Dick sitting with the old couple. They were holding a seat for her. The woman watched Jo with a little pout.

"Mr. Stowe tells us that you're leaving us at St. Paul. That's tomorrow morning."

"Yes," said Jo. She spoke casually, but felt somewhat sad about it. These three people seemed like old friends now—the only real friends she'd had in years. With them she had discovered what it felt like not to be lonely.

"Yes," Jo said. "I'm getting off at St. Paul on some family business."

"Do you have a large family there?"

"Not exactly," Jo answered slowly. Something made her refrain from telling just why she was going. Perhaps she wanted to spare them the disappointment she feared herself if there wasn't a fortune waiting for her.

"We'll miss you," the old lady said.

Jo smiled gratefully. "Some day perhaps I'll come and look you all up."

It was dark in the bus except for a few feeble panel lights above the windows that did no more than illuminate their frosted glass covers. The singing had stopped. Jo found herself leaning against Dick's shoulder. There was a sudden jar and a ringing shriek of strained metal snapping. The bus lurched from side to side and went into a skid.

"Don't be frightened," Dick said to her. He held her arm and pressed her back into her seat. "Brace yourself."

The end came as an anticlimax. The big bus just came to a halt very gently against a big tree.

The driver's face was white as he climbed out with a flashlight. In a few minutes he returned.

"Everything's all right," he said. "Everybody keep their seats. There's a gas station down the road, and I'll call up the next stop. They'll send another bus along. It'll only be a short time."

Now that the motor had stopped, the warmth of the bus became a stale thing.

To get a shave that is a shave
And look well-groomed in record time
Use Thin Gillettes. Think what you save!
Why four swell blades cost just a dime!
Outlasts ordinary blades two to one!
THIN
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4 for 10c
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The Famous Gillette Blue Blade
Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27c

"Chilly?" Dick asked, "Here, I'll lend you a sweater." And he fished down beside his seat and brought up a leather bag.

He handed her a cashmere sweater which she put on under her jacket. It had an odd unperfumed smell that seemed to be a mixture of tobacco, shaving soap, and apples.

The bag was still on his lap. He pulled out a square manila envelope.

"This envelope contains the current history of my life," he said. "I'm supposed to give it to the New York office when I get there. It's got my social security information, my employment sheet, a record of my accomplishments, all the junk corporations keep. Except for a very few people in the firm, this envelope is all they know about me." He shook his head and laughed. "I never thought that it was at all important that I'm five feet eleven and a half, and yet it appears on every piece of paper here. Also that I weigh 170 pounds and was born in 1912. You know that if I lost ten pounds I probably couldn't collect my pay check? Suppose I suddenly grew an inch."

Jo laughed.

The other bus rolled up. Their own driver, very relieved, stepped in.

"All right, everybody. If you'll make the change as rapidly as possible, there'll be no further delay."

☆ SUITCASES banged down from the racks, and the passengers dashed through the narrow aisle to get out in time. The crush was so great that Jo and Dick were among the last to get out.

As Dick picked up their bags, he said, "The envelope. Have you got it?"

It lay under his coat. He grabbed for it, and half the papers fell out on the floor and scattered as widely as possible.

"Here, let me help you," Jo said. She picked up as many as she could see and gave them to him. He had already clasped the envelope closed, and they were ready to go, when her eye caught a small square pay envelope.

"Hey, wait," she said. "There's something else. I'll get it." She reached down and picked it up, then followed Dick out.

The inside of the new bus was exactly like the other. Due to a certain sense of preserving the status quo, all the passengers had taken the seats they had before, and Jo and Dick found their seats waiting for them again in front of the old couple.

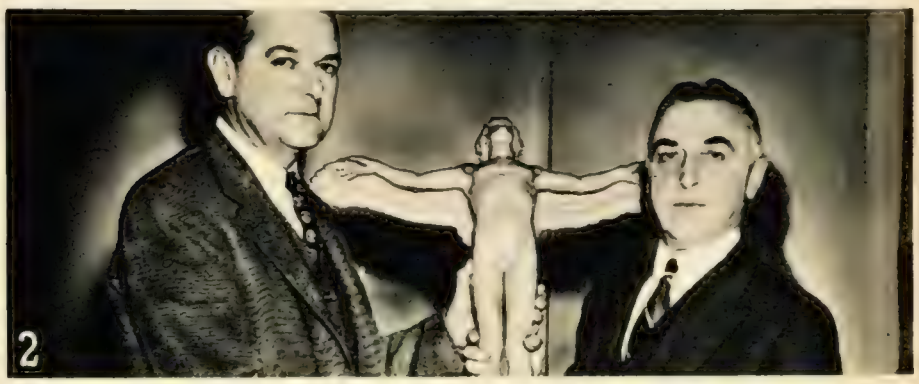
"Did you get whatever it was?" Dick asked.

"Yes," she said consolingly. "It's here. It's an envelope. There's nothing in it. And there's nothing written on it, either."

"Hang on to it," he said, putting the bags away. "It may be something important."

But the envelope was forgotten in the adjustments, and in a few minutes, to get it out of harm's way, Jo put it in her bag. The new bus went on as though nothing had happened. Soon

C. R. Smith, President of American Airlines, Inc., is...



...shown receiving an award unique in aviation history from John Stilwell, President of the National Safety Council. It's an award by the Council for flying one billion passenger miles without a fatality. In...

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the night hush Dick had spoken of fell about them. There was hardly any sound except the rushing of the rain, the hiss of the puddles, and the sudden briefly sustained *whoosh* as a car sped past them.

"All we need is a fireplace," Dick said. "We can hang up my pictures on the back of the seats, put books in other people's laps and pretend they're shelves, and we've got a home."

He gave the word home a special connotation, and it seemed to be involuntary. To Jo, the word had a private meaning. It was one of the things she was going to have in some daydream future. It was years since she'd had more than a room.

"I know what you mean," she said. "We're the migratory workers of the middle class. On the move every so often, with no permanence. I'd like an apartment of my own, too. Two rooms at least. So that if I got sick of one I could move into the other. And I'd want to sign a lease," she added. "I never have, you know."

"We need three rooms," Dick said quietly. "A kitchen, a bedroom, and a living room. We couldn't settle for less than three rooms."

Jo smiled into the darkness. So casually, without any preliminaries, he had projected himself into her life and demanded that her future be his.

"I'm not kidding when I say this," Dick went on. "Why don't you come straight to New York with me? We'll find that apartment and it'll be our own private place."

"I have to go to St. Paul, Dick," she protested. "It's important to me that I go. After all, we hardly know each other. Be reasonable."

"Don't, Jo." His voice was sharp. "I'm not joking. This is the way lives are supposed to start. What difference does it make how long we've known each other? The important thing is how you feel right now. I don't claim that we were made for each other. There are probably thousands of men with whom you could be happy, and there must be the same number of girls for me! It just happens that we're each one of the ones who could get along, and if we want to badly enough we can make a go of it."

Jo said nothing. It had come so suddenly, and yet she wasn't surprised. She didn't know whether she was in love with Dick or not; there had been no time to think about it. A certain spontaneous affection, yes; even gladness to be with him, to sit close to him. She suspected, even now, that she wasn't in love with him; but, just the same, what he said didn't seem at all odd.

"But, Dick," she said finally, "it isn't as though we'll never meet again. I have no intention of staying there. When I get through with my business, I'll go to New York and look for a job, and we can get to know each other in a reasonable fashion."

"There are too many conditions," Dick complained. "And senseless delay. It's not that I'm impetuous—I'm not. I'm afraid that you have a romantic streak in you still, and I'm willing to humor it. At the very next stop I'll get off and hire a white horse and suit of armor. Then I'll come galloping past the bus and kidnap you."

"Now, Dick . . ." She was laughing.

"What the devil *do* you want, anyhow?" he insisted. "Of course, all this will seem preposterous on looking back. But it isn't."

She took a cigarette from him.

"Come, Dick, let's be a little more detached. After all, this is probably the bus night magic you spoke about."

"Whatever it is, I like it. Now, you take down the address of my firm and write to me there. I'll send you my home address when I find those three rooms."

She looked in her purse for a piece of paper, but all she could find was the discarded envelope.

"I can use this," she said. "I found it on the floor."

She wrote down the address he gave her on the flap.

"Now let's see," he said. "I'll be in New York in four days. I'll be expecting a letter from you."

He put an arm through hers and pulled her close to him. She put her head against his shoulder.

"Would you like a blanket?" the lady in back asked. In the dim light Jo could see her motherly warm smile. "We have an extra one."

Before Jo could answer, Dick had the blanket about them. She rested her head against him and closed her eyes. For the first time, she experienced a sense of being sheltered, of quiet that was disturbingly close to what she had been wanting. Perhaps Dick was right. She was willing to admit to herself that if it weren't for St. Paul she could go on with Dick, just as he wanted.

The rain had stopped, and the only noise was the rush of the bus along the concrete road. It was a restful sound, and Jo grew drowsy. The last thing she remembered was feeling Dick's arm about her.

☆ IT was eight-thirty in the morning when the bus pulled into the St. Paul station. The early day was bright and clean, and it was the sun through the windows that awakened her. Dick was still asleep, his head slumped forward slightly. His face was relaxed and young, and, watching him, she had a possessive feeling; she wanted to pull him closer and hold his head against her. His arm slumped down as she sat forward. He awoke with a dazed expression, his eyes searching her face.

"My arm," he said in a hoarse morning voice. "Where's my other arm? I went to sleep with two. Now I've got only one."

He rubbed it painfully, making wry faces.

"Disillusioned?" Jo asked. "One morning you woke up to find the Millers singing, and that cured you of them. Now you wake up to find that I've paralyzed your arm. Do you take back what you said last night?"

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Sound the "Z" for this top PENNSYLVANIA OIL!
Member Pa. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2.
GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

"Take it back?" he growled at her sleepily. "You can cut the arm off and I won't take it back. Heavens, I'm starving! Where are we?"

"St. Paul, Dick. This is where I get off."

His face set in a pattern of dismay. "We can have breakfast together, can't we?" His voice was stricken. "You know, Jo, I meant to stay up all night and talk to you. I'm ashamed of myself for falling asleep and wasting all that time."

"Cheer up; we still have one more meal together."

They found the old couple in the station restaurant holding seats for them.

☆ "WELL?" the old lady asked eagerly. Her eyes were sparkling with excitement. "Are you going to New York with him? I couldn't help overhearing every word, and I was hoping *so* you'll go."

"Me too," her husband agreed. "It was just like a picture. Where you want the girl to get the fellow." His voice quivered with the intensity of his participation. "You just can't wait until she does."

Jo laughed. "That's really very nice of you both, but I'm not going on. Perhaps," she added, "perhaps I'll meet him later on."

The good-by, when it came, was an awkward hurried affair. The announcer's voice came through the loud-speaker as though it had been picked off loose steel springs:

"Nine-seventeen for Chicago, Rochester, and New York! All aboard on platform seven."

"That's me," Dick sighed. "What are we supposed to do? Shake hands or burst into tears?"

Jo looked into his searching unhappy eyes, and could see the loneliness behind the usually gay façade.

"Let's just say it, Dick," she replied. "And whatever happens later will happen by itself. It's out of our hands now."

"But it isn't," he protested. "You can still—" He looked at her again, and was silent for a moment. "O. K., Jo. Let it be the way you want."

He kissed her briefly, then turned and walked away. She stood watching him go through the glass door and disappear down the platform. When she realized he was gone, really gone, her own loneliness came over her suddenly. She was more alone now than she had ever been before. There was a full feeling in her throat and her eyes stung. Slowly she picked up her bags and left the station.

She had no difficulty finding the bus which took her to the lawyer's office. But Mr. Forsyth was out, and the reception clerk made an appointment for Jo to see him the next morning.

She took a room at the Y, and wasted the day making a list of all the Langs in the telephone book.

Mr. Forsyth saw her at eleven-thirty. He was a well preserved man of thirty-two who seemed to be immaculately stuffed with the highest grade of straw.

"You are Miss Lang?" he asked.

Jo nodded.

"The estate of your uncle, I presume?"

Jo nodded again.

"Your uncle died a very rich man, Miss Lang. Extremely wealthy." He stared at her frigidly. "However," he went on very precisely, "he left all of his wealth to the city. To the immediate family he left this."

He produced a small green strongbox. He handed it to her. A key went with it. Jo stared at it.

"May I open it?" she asked hesitantly.

"Open it by all means," the lawyer said. "I have here a list of the articles and you must check it off and sign it as a receipt."

He opened it for her and set it down in front of her. Jo could see only faded papers.

"In the box," the man went on, "you will find sixty-three pictures, most of them snapshots of your relatives, all dead. There are six bills of sale belonging to the deceased's father, also dead. Four badges showing him to be an honorary member of various organizations. One pass for the Union Pacific Railroad, now void; one family pass for the Municipal Stadium, also void; one pass on the United Air Lines to New York, unused; a diploma for an honorary Ph. D. from Cassitawba University; and a collection of seven hundred and seventy-three different streetcar transfers, all punched."

☆ "STREETCAR transfers?" Jo echoed weakly.

"Oh, yes; streetcar transfers," the lawyer said. "Your uncle was one of the small but growing number of these collectors. His is rather a modest collection, but I have already received an offer for you for forty-five dollars from a Mr. J. B. Titus of Snapadaggett Bay, Wisconsin. If you're not interested in keeping the collection, I can send a telegram to Snapadaggett Bay immediately. Mr. Titus seems quite anxious."

"When do I get the money?" Jo asked. "And about the pictures. Do you know any one interested in them? I mean, aren't there any relatives besides me at all?"

"No," said Mr. Forsyth, rising. "You're the last of the Langs. Very old family. You know, don't you, that the first one in the country was a thief? No? Very old family, though."

Jo stared at him. He watched her for a moment, and then dashed at her with a pen in his hand.

"If you'll just sign this, Miss Lang," he said, "we can declare the estate settled and I'll get in touch with Titus. Good day," he told her as she finished her last name. He snapped the box shut, put it into her arms, and led her to the door. "Call me tomorrow. By that time I'll have heard from Snapadaggett Bay."

She walked out in a daze, and it was only when she was outside the office building that she realized that the green box was heavy. She

CLOWN SAYS,

"Fingernail Test no joke!"

IT'S S'POSED TO BE FUNNY when a girl jilts a clown for a lion tamer. But my pal the Strong Man don't laugh. "It ain't love," he claims, "it's that loose dandruff!" I tried the Fingernail Test. My scalp was gummy as circus mud!

HE HANDS ME A BOTTLE of Wildroot-with-Oil. "The old Wildroot formula," he says, "that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms hair *without* greasing the scalp. Try it. It feels swell!"

WHAT DO YOU KNOW! This Wildroot-with-Oil is the goods! Its safe, powerful "3-Action" cleans as it grooms. Keeps my hair neatly dressed, and so clean Estelle can run her fingers through it *an-y* time she wants to!

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PROFESSIONAL PUBLICATIONS AT BARGAIN

searched her shocked mind for an attitude, and found only a molten chaos; and slowly a bitter disappointment and loneliness.

She realized, too, why she hadn't spoken about it to Dick. It would have been impossible to keep hope out of her voice, and lead him on as she had led herself.

She had been hoping, too, in the last few hours, that she could come to Dick with the fabulous inheritance as a gift. It could be used by him as her friend, and even the old people were to have shared in her good luck. Now she had nothing to offer, nothing but herself. Her disappointment was deep—an organic thing.

Back at the Y, Jo went up to her room. Mechanically she opened the box and took out the pictures. There wasn't one face she recognized. She examined the remaining papers. The only thing that caught her interest and held it was the airplane pass to New York. It had meaning because it had use. She put the pictures back in the box with the transfers, and put the pass in her purse.

Three times that afternoon she was recognized; but she verified the fact that the pass was still good and that four hours' notice would get her a seat on the New York plane. She checked the bus schedules and found that Dick's bus got to New York on Thursday morning at nine o'clock. There were plenty of planes that could get her there before him. That meant she could meet Dick as he got off.

It was two days, though, before she got the money from Forsyth, the lawyer; but there was still time to get to New York before Dick did.

"The plane gets to LaGuardia Field at seven-thirty," she was told. "That gives you an hour and a half to get to the bus terminal, and that's more than enough."

She wanted to meet Dick before he got lost in the city. If she missed him, she would have to wait for a letter to find him.

She had sold the strongbox for three dollars, but when it came to disposing of the pictures, her conscience got the better of her. After all, these people were her family. The pictures now lay securely in the bottom of her valise as she boarded the plane.

When Jo walked into the bus terminal the next morning, she could feel her hands trembling and her heart shaking unsteadily. She checked her valise and went into the restaurant for breakfast. The bus wasn't due for half an hour. She ate slowly against her excitement and time. She listened to the announcer's monotonous voice, and it took on an electric quality as soon as Dick's bus was called off.

Jo ran out of the waiting room and out on the roaring platform. One at a time the passengers got out, and not one familiar face. Jo realized then that the drivers were changed every hundred and fifty miles and that the Independent Millers got off at Chicago. But, as the strange faces passed her without a sign of recognition, she felt panic grow. It seemed that the bus was almost empty when the last two people got off.

With a relieved sensation of recognition she saw they were the old couple. They could tell her about Dick, and she stood waiting for them. Her momentary panic was gone and she was smiling involuntarily as she imagined the pleased smiles on their simple old faces as soon as they would see her.

They came closer and closer, still without seeing her, and Jo was amused at the perversity that keeps people from looking at the one face they will recognize. Finally she took pity on them, almost laughing.

"Hello!" she said. "I took your advice and came."

Finally their eyes turned, the simple friendly eyes.

"Where's Dick?" Jo asked.

☆ THE eyes looked at her, through her, and then past her. The fixed simple stare did not include her. Suddenly Jo found herself remembering the accident at the first stop, when the old woman had fallen on the road with Jo after her. It was the empty expression of their faces that recalled it. Jo remembered looking up at the old lady as she lay helpless at her feet.

"Don't you remember me?" Jo asked, and the warm feeling she had for them became mixed with fear. The gentle expressions were too set, much too unperturbed. Again Jo recalled the helpless feeling of lying in the path of the approaching automobile. It seemed now that her legs had been caught. But there was something else too, and it hovered on the fringe of memory like a familiar face approaching through a fog.

The old people didn't even look at her and walked past. Jo stared after them, uncomprehending. Their slow measured pace was now sinister in its deliberateness. She stood, completely perplexed, as her eyes traveled over their backs and their bags—and then fear, real fear, spread through her as though it were in her blood. A phrase came back to her:

"This is my current history; this bag is my life."

Besides their own modest luggage, Jo could see the retreating figures carrying something else: Dick's bag. And then the thing that had been on the verge of realization spurted out. Jo was sure now that the old lady had deliberately tripped her. Jo had been thrown in the way of that automobile. She was brittle with terror as the two facts tortured her with their clarity; they had tried to kill her, and now they had Dick's bag!

What lies behind Dick's disappearance? Why do the old couple refuse to recognize Jo? Is it really Dick's bag they are carrying? Suspense and drama crowd this exciting story of sinister mystery. Be sure to go on with it next week!

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every day
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enjoyment
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KRAFT

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ GIRLS comprise about half the membership in two classes now studying code work at Hunter College, New York. If and when we get in the war, they'll be prepared for intensive training as government senders and readers of secret messages. This interesting development springs from a hobby long followed by Rosario Candela, by profession an architect of skyscraper apartment houses. Years of amateur practice on codes of all kinds have established him as an expert. His course in cryptography started a few weeks ago, under the impetus of our national defense program, and is the first ever given at any American college. I asked Mr. Candela how smart a girl has to be for the job, and how soon she can learn it. . . . "Most of my students," he said, "have taken honors in other subjects. The work requires a logical mind, extreme care as to detail, a talent for cool analysis, mathematical ability, some knowledge of languages." . . . If you're brainy enough you can finish the fifteen hours of code-writing lessons in seven weeks, all for five dollars. Thirty hours of cryptoanalysis—code detecting—costs ten dollars more. An apt pupil should be well grounded in both branches of the tricky trade within eight months or a year. A woman—I won't tell her name—is recognized as one of Washington's cleverest cryptographers at the present time.

☆ IT may be news to you—as it was to me—to know Walt Disney has become a weather prophet. Dining with Lillian (Mrs. Disney) and Walt, I was surprised to hear him talk about the weather in scientific terms. Since his production of Fantasia, he explained, he has turned weather man himself to figure probable box-office sales in advance. . . . "Now you girls come with me to the meteorological bureau," he enthused, "and I'll show you how." We said, ho hum, some other time. "Just to prove I can do it," said he, "I'll tell you what to wear tomorrow or any other day for sun or rain, hot or cold." So I called him up after that for weather-dress tips—and he was *always* right!

☆ MIRIAM COOPER collects information for dry-cleaning firms all over the country. Her pa runs a chain of them in the East. She warns cleaners this month to be ready for our early-season crop of picnic spots—notably peach, plum, berry, pear, and grass—the stains of which are extra hard to take out. Mustard spots from mishandled hot dogs or hamburgers are comparatively easy, while salt-water spots are not. The tears you may shed during a good hard cry can leave difficult stains on certain materials. Cleaners must test all new fabrics for their reaction to every known variety of spot.

A new service shortly to be tried out will be emergency crews of spot sleuths rushed to night clubs at any hour to save expensive gowns that might be ruined if the goo spilled on them were not expertly and *immediately* cleaned off!

☆ FOR that urge—so many women have it—to attend exciting murder trials, I recommend Will Oursler's new illustrated crime book, The Trial of Vincent Doon. (Published by Simon & Schuster.)

"Take a letter, darling—"

☆ ON her honeymoon the daughter of a friend of mine broke her hand mirror. A sensible girl, she didn't really believe in bad luck—but felt nervous just the same. I happened to be with her when she had new glass put in. The glazier—an ancient man from Poland—cheered her up with the most philosophical view I've ever heard about our mirror superstition. . . . "At heart," he said (I shan't attempt his dialect), "every girl thinks her face is her fortune. In her mirror she sees her face. If she breaks her mirror it seems to her she breaks her face, which means she breaks her fortune. No more luck. But it ain't true, lady. You still got your face, and I'm going to sell you a new glass—so we both got luck!"

☆ EVEN with the caviar left out, this *Polish Stuffed Veal* and its accompanying sauce make a superb summer dinner. . . . Buy a plump veal shoulder with bone removed. For the stuffing mix 1 cup cold cooked rice, ½ cup fresh bread crumbs, 3 lamb kidneys sautéed and chopped, 3 chopped slices bacon, salt and pepper, ½ teaspoon grated lemon peel. Stuff shoulder and tie to form neat roll. Brown well in butter, then place in heavy pan, adding 1 cup consommé, 1 cup California white wine, 2 bay leaves, 4 cloves, rind of 1 lemon. Cover and cook slowly for 3 hours. Take veal out. Skim and strain the gravy. Stir into it 2 tablespoons black caviar and a squeeze of lemon juice. Simmer a few minutes. Serve separately in gravy boat.

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Name

Address

The U. S. S. R. and the World

Continued from Page 12

not having political sense enough to learn that Gladstone's fundamental social structure of landlord, farmer, and agricultural laborer is as crazy as an old windmill built on a quicksand, and that Stalin's substitution of collective farming on nationalized land is the greatest feat of statesmanship in the history of modern civilization.

And Stalin, mind, is not a dictator, nor a president, nor a pope, nor an emperor, but simply the secretary of the Russian Thinking Cabinet, which can sack him at a day's notice.* And we can find nothing kinder to say of him than to call him a bloodstained monster and then complain that he has no confidence in our good intentions! The sooner we do something to deserve it, the better. If he were not so able we should have driven him into Adolf's arms long ago. Happily, Uncle Joe knows what puerile fools we are politically, and is good-natured enough to laugh at us. Remember, I have seen the man and talked to him. Nobody could have been pleasanter, or treated us better; but—he laughed at us. We amused him.

Is the aim of Russian Communism world-wide revolution through the ruthless slaughter of the bourgeoisie? Look at the facts. Stalin represents Socialism in a single state as opposed to world revolution. He has made friendly trading and nonaggression agreements with every state willing to treat Russia with common civility. His good will has been as open to England as to the Germans and Americans, though all three of us have reviled him and lied about Russia shamelessly.

The Russian bourgeoisie is not slaughtered; it is very much alive; and its leaders from Lenin to Molotov have been prominent in Russian government from the beginning. No doubt they think Communism will finally conquer the world on its merits, just as Lord Halifax thinks the Church of England will. But that is not Communist imperialism, it is Communist catholicism, of which I am myself a votary. And now, what is our own view of the situation? Simply that universal capitalism must be achieved by the ruthless slaughter of all Communists and Bolshevists. That is the doctrine we are shouting—and for twenty years have been shouting—from press and platform.

Do I think the shouters really mean that? If they don't mean that, they don't mean anything. But if it is suggested that our speeches and leading articles on Russia are mere brainless psittacism, I shall not contradict you. What on earth is psittacism? you ask. It is a useful rhyme for witticism. Look it up in the dictionary!

*Since Mr. Shaw wrote this article, Stalin has made himself Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars—that is, premier. So now he is master of his government in name as well as in fact. Previously he was content with such titles as secretary of the Communist Party Committee.

THE END

Mr. Shaw and the U. S. S. R.

Continued from Page 13

Russia had sided with the Allies, or even if it had maintained a position of genuine neutrality. Nazi publications leave small doubt that Hitler would not have risked even the remote possibility of a war on two fronts.

It was Stalin's enthusiastic undertaking not only to neutralize Germany's eastern flank but to help the Nazi war effort with economic and political contributions which enabled the German High Command to launch war. Throughout Mr. Shaw's apologia for Stalin runs the assumption that Russia has been "neutral," merely waiting on the side lines for the belligerents to exhaust themselves. The assumption is tragically at variance with the facts.

It is a curious "neutrality" which gives to Hitler oil, wheat, metals out of Russia's seriously depleted resources, while concentrating the whole force of Communist world-wide propaganda against Britain and her Allies! Stalin has made of his country a huge leak in the blockade of Germany. He has acted as purchasing agent for Hitler in the United States and other nonbelligerent nations. He has used his bogus neutrality to bring confusion into the councils of the democracies and to exert diplomatic leverage in Germany's behalf.

Above all, he has turned the magnificent international propaganda machine of the Comintern into little more than a branch of Dr. Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda. In every Latin-American country Communists are now pounding the same anti-Yankee drums as the Nazis, with the clear purpose of preventing Western Hemisphere unity. In the United States, as in other nations friendly to the British cause, the Communists are stalwart noninterventionists, because that is Hitler's need in such countries.

☆ IN France the Communist preachments of defeatism were infinitely more useful in overthrowing that nation than anything that Italy contributed. And in Mr. Shaw's own England Communist policy has been defeatist to a point where even pro-Soviet publicists like John Strachey and Harold Laski have been constrained to denounce Stalin's supporters as in effect Hitler agents.

No matter how the atrocity is phrased, the Soviet attack on Finland was as cynical and unprovoked a piece of aggression as any that our unhappy epoch can cite. The alibi of strategic or other necessity is threadbare with overuse by predatory big nations in striking at helpless neighbors. If Russia did not "swallow up Finland to her last acre," it is only because Finland resisted. Had it agreed to concessions, its fate would have been exactly the fate of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Has Mr. Shaw forgotten the Soviet Quisling "government" under Comrade Kuusinen which Moscow set up in a Finnish fishing village?

In retrospect Russia's aggressions against the Baltic States and Finland emerge as part of a Nazi-Soviet encirclement of the Scandinavian countries. Hitler completed the process in seizing Denmark and Norway, and Stalin's share of the maneuver remains unfinished only because the Finns were willing to die for their national freedom.

The Communist legend that Stalin "saved" a part of Poland is shameless nonsense. It is on a par with Hitler's generosity in "saving" Rumania or Bulgaria, Norway or Greece from Great Britain. When Russia and Japan proceed to divide a prostrate China between them, as now seems likely, we may expect the same sort of unctuous gibberish about Stalin "saving" a part of China from the Japanese.

Mr. Shaw to the contrary notwithstanding, Russia was pledged to the ears to maintain the independence of her smaller neighbors. In violating the Baltic states Poland and Finland, Stalin smashed literally dozens of assorted treaties of friendship, neutrality, nonaggression, and what not. I was myself present at the solemn consummation of some of these.

Even if Mr. Shaw were correct about the beauties of Soviet collectivization, it would be a farfetched alibi for stabbing Poland in the back. But he happens to be dismally wrong. What he describes naïvely as "collective farming on nationalized land" is hardly a Stalinist innovation. It was old when feudalism was young. The peasant, tied to the land, deprived of any vestige of political right or civil liberties, is merely a serf on government estates, a share cropper on state farms. To treat the reintroduction of landlordism in its worst forms—with an omnipotent and soulless state as the landlord—as "a feat of statesmanship" is utterly nightmarish.

The implication that America is "committed to alliance with Russia" simply makes no sense. There are, of course, in Washington as in London, groups which fool themselves on Russia's role in this war as egregiously as Mr. Shaw himself. Every time these illusions tend to influence American policy, Moscow hits us over the head with a brickbat to remind us that this is a real world and not a Communist cocktail party. The recent Soviet-Japanese pact was such a brickbat. The Moscow Pravda took the trouble to underscore the fact that the pact is directed against America and Britain, just in case Sumner Welles or others might think it was merely a playful love tap.

The gist of the matter is in Mr. Shaw's own statement that "if we had secured Russia as our ally . . . probably there would have been no war." In other words, in refusing to become an ally, in the critical months when it had a clear and open choice between Germany and the democracies, Russia doomed the world to war. No amount of rhetoric can erase that one sanguinary fact.

THE END

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

NATIONAL OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP CUP. The names of many of the world's greatest polo players are engraved on the trophy shown at the right. Although this cup is emblematic of our own national championship, teams from other countries may compete if they are rated at twenty-one goals or better. Since 1904, when it became America's highest polo award, the cup has left the country only three times: once to England, twice to Argentina. To win it, a team must be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasolines too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
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THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

THE LAST WORD:

Joe Schenck—from Rags to Riches to Prison?

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

SO MUCH OF THRILLING interest is coming to you in the next issue of Liberty that I am puzzled. What shall I tell about first?

A great many Americans will turn at once to The Rise and Fall of Joseph Schenck, by Alan Hynd. Here is a discordant Symphony in Gee Whiz! on the Horatio Alger theme. From rags to riches—and where next? One of the most powerful figures in the moving-picture industry, Joe Schenck is facing prison. When he was on trial in the federal courts of New York, Will H. Hays, czar of Hollywood, guardian of the cinematographic moralities, took the stand as a character witness. So did Charlie Chaplin and many others. Yet Mr. Schenck was convicted; he is about to appeal the verdict.

Between the long-ago time when Joe Schenck and his family arrived here from Russia and the rendering of this verdict by an American jury, this story of an immigrant's rise to wealth and power and service was acted out on a melodramatic stage. Joe was there when the movies were first gathering themselves together into a get-rich-quick crazy quilt. He married one of the brightest stars, Norma Talmadge—and then lost her to a younger man. The President of the United States called him Joe. It was that same Joe who thought up the March of Dimes idea for the infantile-paralysis fund—Joe Schenck, now accused of cheating his government!

"Yes, I was guilty—of carelessness, and nothing else," he told Alan Hynd. What happened to this man? On the difficult climb up the ladder his feet did not visibly falter; not until he was on the topmost rung did his foot slip.

Behind the tale your newspapers told of all this there is another story—what might be called the case history of Joseph Schenck. To get at the facts, Alan Hynd has talked to Schenck's friends and to his enemies. More, for days on end, he has talked with Schenck himself.

Did Mr. Schenck, before he laid the foundations of his first fortune, sell opium to the Chinese? Mr. Schenck admits he did just that. But it was not illegal to do so in those days. He told Mr. Hynd all about it—and much more. Not a whitewash, and certainly not an attack, the story of The Rise and Fall of Joseph Schenck, which begins in Liberty next week, is a candid character study—one of the most interesting that Liberty has ever published.

You won't want to miss that, nor will you want to miss any of the features and stories in our next issue.

TAKE MADEMOISELLE Marie, for instance. The name of the author, as it will appear, is Helen Fawley, but that is literally a *nom de guerre*. The real name of the author cannot be disclosed because this is a tale of occupied France—I am tempted to say the only authentic tale of that unhappy region so far to appear in any American magazine. It is a story rich in humor and irony. The humor of a battle of wits between the conquering Germans and the unconquerable spirit of the French people. Read it for yourself and you will understand why the author—who still owns land and has friends in the region—cannot sign her name.

WHAT IS ERNEST BEVIN LIKE? Alison Barnes will give you a picture in words of the powerful English labor leader, and Leon Gordon will give you a picture of him in oils, one of the series he is now doing for Liberty. Jack Oakie will make you laugh with the frankness of his How to Fail with a Flourish, and Bob Hope will also twiddle your risibilities with one of his famous broadcasts. George Jean Nathan is going to tell you, in Floorodora, his opinion of the night-club shows in New York.

WASHINGTON SAYS we are right! You will recall the Liberty editorial of May 31, in which we suggested that American youth should be air-conditioned; that courses in airplane-model construction should be introduced into the earliest of primary grades and continued through ascending classes until American boys can be taught gliding and later how to pilot motored planes. Mr. Robert H. Hinckley, who has long advocated this idea and who is Assistant Secretary of Commerce, in charge of Civil Aeronautics Authority, has written a convincing article on this subject. No American with a true grasp of the realities of modern civilization can fail to be interested in what Mr. Hinckley has to say. We regard this as one of the most important contributions to current thought on an important topic. More, we hope that this is only the beginning. With quick action, kits of airplane-model construction can be put in the public schools by next autumn. I suggest that you read Mr. Hinckley's able presentation of this case and then do what you ought to do regularly on all important matters—write your representative in the Congress and write your senator and endorse this program. Just as a little test of your own citizenship—do you know the names of your representative and your senator?

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

"We like Crickets and Canaries, but...

NOT IN OUR CAR!"

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! Chirp, chirp! Those little "so-and-so's" are at it again—and where in thunder can they be *this* time? In the springs, in the chassis, maybe under the dash? Some part of this car is there squeaking and complaining.

2 OH—OH! DON'T LOOK NOW—But "Mr. & Mrs." are being watched! It's not much fun—and of course there's *no need* for it. That good car of theirs is merely complaining about being "starved"—hungry for the right oil and grease in the right places. If they only realized how an expert Mobilubrication job and the improved Mobiloil would fix things up! What a difference it makes in quiet, smooth going to give your car a *Fresh Start!*

GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START

EVERY THOUSAND MILES

3 HERE'S A FRESH START FOR YOUR CAR: For the ENGINE—improved Mobiloil that *cleans as it lubricates*. An expert Mobilubrication job for your CHASSIS. Your RADIATOR cleaned and conditioned. Your GEAR OIL checked. And finally, your PLUGS, BATTERY, TIRES—all expertly checked and serviced.

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4 WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES! Not a chirp, not a squeak—just a velvet-soft ride. Your car's had a *Fresh Start*, checked and serviced stem to stern. It's revitalized, and you're *proud* of it!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Company, General Petroleum Corporation of California.

Actual color photograph—Reuben Smothers shows a visitor a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.

"This lighter leaf costs a pretty penny!"

"Luckies pay higher prices to get lighter, milder leaf like this!" says Reuben Smothers, tobacco auctioneer of Reidsville, N. C.

"As a tobacco auctioneer, I see who buys what tobacco and how much they pay . . . so when I tell you Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter, milder leaf —I know what I'm talking about. And say, I've smoked Luckies myself for 7 years!"

Yes, most independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—smoke Luckies. These men know that in buying tobacco, you get what you pay for... and they see Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. Why not smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Ask for Lucky Strike!

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1